SALONS

OF

1908

PARIS

GOUPIL & Cᵉ

ART PUBLISHERS

MANZI, JOYANT & Cᵉ

ART PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS

CH. SAUNIER
SALONS OF 1908
GOUPIL & CO., ART PUBLISHERS, PARIS AND NEW YORK
MANZI, JOYANT & CO., ART PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS.

THE SALONS OF 1908

THERE HAVE BEEN PRINTED OF THIS EDITION

OF

THE SALONS OF 1908

BY

CHARLES SAUNIER

Hundred and fifty copies on Holland paper

Numbered from 1 to 150

No. 057

E. AMAN-JEAN.

Portrait of Mademoiselle V. G...

SALON OF 1908.

CHARLES SAUNIER

THE SALONS OF 1908

ENGLISH TEXT

TRANSLATED BY HENRY D. DAVRAY

GOUPIL & CO.
ART PUBLISHERS
MANZI, JOYANT & Co.
ART PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS
PARIS & NEW YORK
1908

THE SALONS OF 1908

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

FORE-WORD.

To describe a Salon is a difficult task. I mean, for one who really loves art, who has frequented the studios and knows how heroic and touching is the elaboration of a work of art in painting or sculpture. He realizes the alternations of doubt and hope in the hearts of those whose fame is still limited; and, if he can cite some men of established position who work on calmly, like good business-men, he can give a far greater number of glorious names who, in the midst of their success, have kept the timidity of youth and remain in doubt as to the value of the work they have accomplished. The art-critic has, however, no moral role; he is not called upon to judge of intentions. He must, moreover, be on his guard against infatuations, the influence of fashion, the

deceptive attraction of a certain sham art which will to-morrow have lost its freshness and originality. Preferences he certainly must have and must defend them. But he should not allow himself to be unjust for certain classes of work, which make no immediate appeal and are, moreover, a little too much on traditional lines, but which, thanks to the presence of qualities indispensable to a lasting work of art, will keep, when fashion has changed and years gone by, a character and expression which did not strike one at first sight. And again, in this impressionist age, it is, perhaps, good that paintings and sculptures, sober, correct in execution or true in balance, should remind the impatient of the superiority of composition over improvisation and set forth the sure and multiple resources offered by a thorough knowledge of the craft.

Let it be honestly confessed : the majority of artists no longer know how to draw, and their knowledge of the use of color is insufficient. Our production is too rapid and too great. The private academies, which have so increased in numbers during the last thirty years, have greatly helped on this decadence. They have sent forth candidates — successful candidates — for a medal of third or of second class at the annual Salon ; but they have produced no artists. We could cite the names of some who, the coveted reward once obtained, have been powerless to produce a work of value. Nearly all such come from the academies. Whilst the École des Beaux-Arts, so often attacked, has turned out during the same time some who, if not good artists, are at least conscientious workmen. Still, it must be admitted that there, too, since some time is a falling-off.

Do we, at least, consult nature? Scarcely at all. Certainly, we attach great importance to effects of light, and the artists of to-day have, in that particular, produced some famous work. Impressions drawn from the imagination, or, at least, transformed by the imagination; and that is, after all, the most prudent manner of impressionism, for a few seconds are sufficient to resolve

Mlle A. ARDRON.

Little girl in Curlpapers.

SALON OF 1908.

A. AUBLET.

Portrait of Madame B. D.

SALON OF 1908.

J.-F. AUBURTIN.

Daybreak 'midst the swans.

SALON OF 1908.

the dramas of the air, and it would be puerile to attempt to fix them in detail on the spot. But these effects of light once mastered, we pay now but little attention to that which would add to their beauty, to that which frames them and gives them at the same time splendor and refinement : I mean, the trees and the forest. It is certainly true that the numerous landscape-painters of our time know how to give, by a few skilful touches applied with breadth and vigor, the illusion of open space, of rich meadow, even of woodland scenery, full of shade and movement. But we no longer paint the trees, we disdain the details of their structure. For there, too, before coming to the task, one would have to accumulate sketches. Alas! where is the robust school of 1830? Where are Rousseau, Corot, Paul Huet, Jules Dupré, Diaz, Cabat, and even Flers — the modest Flers — or Aligny, somewhat harsh? They spoke so deliciously of the beauty of the forest, of the majesty of the great trees, of the delicacy of the attenuated grooves 'neath the grey sky of early spring or of the last days of autumn. Still, even at Fontainebleau, their favorite haunt, they left room for others, — but the others have not come.

I often stroll through the forest, from love of its vegetation, from respect for those great artists, whose favorite subjects meet me at every turn of the road. But no artist goes there now. One never sees a canvas, an easel or a color-box. During the dull weather at Easter this very year of 1908, certain parts of the forest offered admirable views. The plateau of Belle-Croix, which a recent fire had devastated, showed here and there tree-trunks twisted by the flames. Amidst the blocks of sandstone they stood out black and charred 'neath the driving snow. The lines were as firm and as striking as in certain drawings of Théodore Rousseau. But I do not fancy that any artist took the trouble to see that.

However, in spite of some weak points, one is bound to recognize that there are still in France admirable artists, wonderfully gifted and conscientious. It is but yesterday that death robbed

us of Puvis de Chavannes, of Cazin, of Dalou; it seems but a few hours — so living, so expressive remains his face in our memories — since Carrière was with us. And other artists remain to affirm the artistic vitality of France. We have Rodin and Roll, Paul-Albert Besnard and Lhermitte. Others, younger, such as René Ménard, Lucien Simon, Charles Cottet, Lucien Schnegg, Maurice Denis, attest by works of an essential inspiration the legitimity of new *recherches* and of new modes of expression.

Now, the French school has, so far, profited more than any other from those fruitful transformations, which give to successive generations and to temperaments the most contradictory the occasion to fix their aspirations in powerful formulæ. Within a period of less than a hundred years, France has known the classic school of David, the new-hellenism of Ingres, to which Delacroix opposed his romantic style, the nature-school of Huet, Rousseau, Corot and Dupré, the realism of Courbet, the individualism of Degas and Fantin-Latour, the impressionism, which included in one group temperaments so different as those of Manet, Monet, and Renoir; the open-air school — compromise between realism and impressionism — whose claims are upheld by Bastien-Lepage and Roll. To this open-air school we must attach, too, the genre-painters, who, from 1870 to 1885, enriched the truth of their landscapes with delicious little figures. Such were Heilbuth, Mettling, Charnay, and others, at present somewhat forgotten.

PAINTING.

THE Salon of the National Society should certainly be seen. Those who go once will return a second time. For from the ensemble stand out certain works of high value; they attract and hold the attention. There is the *Religious Ceremony at Assisi,* by Lucien Simon; there is *Grief,* by Charles Cottet; there are the

JEAN BÉRAUD.

At the Club.

SALON OF 1908.

R. BILLOTTE.

Before the storm; on the fortifications

SALON OF 1908.

J. BLANCHE.

Mr. Saxton Noble's Children.

SALON OF 1908.

three bold canvases by Zuloaga. Then there is Auguste Lepère, who has collected in a special room a part of his life-work; we must go to understand him better and to appreciate him.

AUGUSTE LEPÈRE'S EXHIBITION.

The admiration of artists, of collectors of colored prints, of all who love books, assures a very high place in contemporary art to Auguste Lepère. He owes his situation, not only to his personal qualities, but also to the wide field of his efforts. In the preface of the catalogue of Lepère's exhibition — a catalogue printed by Lepère himself and which is a jewel of typography — M. Roger Marx says with perfect justice : "Obliged to attribute to the same author so many creations in classes so widely different, one remains embarrassed : there are pictures and illustrations for books, prints and bindings, potteries and drawings. His audacity is accompanied by timidity, his strength by tenderness; he is supposed to be free, the slave of no rule : but he is under the domination of the most severe of consciences, one which it is a difficult task to satisfy; you imagine that, in the line he has chosen, he is firm, almost obstinate; but his is an assurance which knows no quiet; he is a prey to the torture which pursues him who restlessly seeks for something new."

For my part, I am grateful to them for having freed wood-engraving from certain tricks of manipulation which reduced an art which had given such splendid results in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which had reappeared so free and supple during the romantic period, to the level of a timid auxiliary of mechanical processes. Thanks to Auguste Lepère, those evil days are past, and wood-engraving can once more take its part in the adornment of the book.

But, let me repeat, that is but one side of Lepère's activity. He is above all an artist, a creator. And, indeed, when one

turns over the plates and the sketches of Lepère, when one examines his paintings, vivid and full of color, one remarks that he had in him the demon of art.

All his productions show the novelty of his invention, the perspicacity of his observation; more often still there is reflection; and he is always amusing. For his art is composed of wit. And by wit I wish you to understand, not the sum of effect, satirical or picturesque that an artist can put into his compositions, but that faculty given to the finest, to such as Lepère, of creating an illusion as to the intensity of light, of life, of expression and of movement included in one of his works.

The room reserved to Auguste Lepère and where will be found no less than two hundred and forty exhibits, allows one to study the artist fully. Here we find many of his chefs-d'œuvre collected. Amongst the wood-engravings : *Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, La Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève, La Tour de la Grosse Horloge at Rouen;* the large pictures : *Westminster, Rouen Cathedral, Paris in the snow, The Procession,* this last in color; amongst the etchings : *The Little Pond, La Rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève* a second time, *The Roof of Saint-Séverin's,* and many others...

But we must insist also on the oil-paintings, which are the least known of all Lepère's works, and on which people who are fond of giving vent to opinions without having the necessary knowledge express the greatest reserve. Some of them, however, are excellent, both by the quality of the coloring and the force with which they are executed. For example, I count in the front rank the delicate study entitled : *The White House.* It is a simple notation of color, dashed off at speed, but how delicious is the surface, and how clear and luminous the medium rests ! Admire the value of the white gable, of the red roofs behind it, of the bluish depths. And over all that, a charming sky in turquoise, adorned with clouds.

Then a piece with more finish. *The Pleasure Garden (drill*

A. BOLDINI.

Madame N...

SALON OF 1908.

É. BOULARD.

Portrait of Mademoiselle B...

SALON OF 1908.

B. BOUTET DE MONVEL.

Portrait.

SALON OF 1908.

ground at Issy, review-day). In the fore-ground, men drinking in the shade; farther back, a group, well-lighted, amongst whom a woman with flaxen hair, in a light bodice; a little girl with golden tresses; above them, in this picture which has no sky, since the distance is filled by the drill-ground where horsemen are manœuvring, a sign-board stands out brightly with the words : *Bowling Alley.* This sign-board is the principal note of color in the picture, its vivid appeal balances the group of the light-haired woman and red-haired child. It is exquisite. It would be curious to compare with this old painting of Lepère's certain more recent works of Steinlein, closely related to it.

But many other canvases claim our attention : *Le Quai de l'Hôtel-de-Ville et Saint-Gervais vus du Quai aux Fleurs,* a snow effect delicate and amusing, with outlines of people bending under the blast and flying from the cold : *The Wash-house of Jouy-la-Fontaine, The Fair at Saint-Jean-de-Mont, The Beggars,* and many a landscape executed in districts near the sea, which express well the character special to those corners of nature on which the wind from the open ocean beats often.

Then there are books and bindings. If you can put your hand on one of the latter, admire it; when you run across one of the former turn over its leaves, if you have the leisure, for it will bring you pleasure; buy it, if it is in your power. The works of Lepère are not found in every street, although some of them are in the four quarters of the globe.

HISTORICAL AND DECORATIVE PAINTING.

MM. Abbey, Roll, J.-F. Auburtin, A. Séon, Victor Koos, Lerolle, Guillaume-Roger, Maurice Denis, Willette, Walter Crane, Mme Madeleine Lemaire, M. W. de Glehn.

Following the example of those masters who knew how to

draw from history picturesque scenes full of life — E. Delacroix, Henri Leys, some of the preraphaelites — M. Edwin-Austin Abbey develops on two long panels two episodes from the history of England. In the one, we have *The Duke of Glo'ster and Lady Anne (Funeral of Henry VI);* in the other, *The Daughters of King Lear*. They are delicious, these little women. They seem, as we see them there, so young and fresh, rather imaginations of Maeterlinck than characters from Shakespeare. The color is somewhat drawn out, but has none the less its charm and is lit up here and there by some rich tinting.

France still owns some true decorators. Some, after the example of Puvis de Chavannes, aspire to express by the aid of purity of line and appropriate shading of tints, some beautiful synthesis of art and philosophy; the others, influenced by P.-Albert Besnard, take pleasure in poems of joy and light, which declare themselves by a warm symphony of color. But this should be noted; with Albert Besnard, a master-thought gives signification to the wildest audacity of his palette, whilst certain of his imitators confine their efforts to the pleasure of painting. *Towards Nature, for Humanity,* will count amongst the productions of Roll. It is a painful allegory which will often arrest the attention of the young savants at the Sorbonne, for it is to be placed there. For how many vain researches, how many disappointments await them, ere they gain one atom of truth! The story is told of Pasteur, that in the course of his first experiments on rabies he was called, as a last hope, to the bedside of a little child, the daughter of a working-man. He found her in terrible agony, at the top of a poor building in the Rue Dauphine; her fate was certain. He knew at once that his remedy was useless; and there, before all the bystanders, Pasteur burst into tears.

These men, some young, others old, illustrious savants to whose faces names could easily be given, whom Roll shows us going onwards in spite of obstacles to demand from nature, ever boun-

H. BOUVET.

Au Bois.

SALON OF 1908.

Copyright 1908 by H. Bauvet.

Mlle L.-C. BRESLAU.

The thoughtful life.

SALON OF 1908.

E.-A. CAROLUS-DURAN.

Don Fernando del F..., chamberlain of sword and cope to His Holiness.

SALON OF 1908.

Ferdinand Duran,
Rome, Mars, 1905.

teous, the key of eternal verities — these men recall to me that episode in Pasteur's life. For, in spite of all, death is the strongest; we see a proof of it in that rigid corpse of a man, intelligent and vigorous, carried off before his time, which occupies a corner of the picture and near which a woman weeps. This work, with its highly philosophical teaching, is framed on either side by two *Summer Days,* full of light, by the same master.

Dawn among the Swans, by J.-Francis Auburtin, is a great bright page, full of freshness, where, 'midst blue waves hardly agitated by the tracks left by the long-necked swans, beautiful maidens have come to disport themselves.

The purity of draughtsmanship, the happy balance of line, the choice of light and shade, will undoubtedly place *Beauty,* by M. Alexandre Séon, high in the judgment of connoisseurs. The piece is of small dimensions, but so happily proportioned that it suggests the infinite.

The Forest sings, by Victor Koos, evokes and glorifies Nature in festival, rich, sappy, and intoxicated with light, grouping, in the shades of the great trees and in the bed made by the high grass, happy man and confiding beast. It is a beautifully decorative page, well composed, well colored. But, on this last head, we might reproach M. Victor Koos with having allowed himself to be tempted into clothing an impalpable allegory with the colors and characters of pure reality.

In the room arranged with perfect taste by M. Dubufe, where may be found those exquisite works, *Joyous Day,* by M. Lerolle, and a *Fantasy in decoration,* by M. Guillaume-Roger, have been also placed eight decorations by M. Maurice Denis. Here, that seductive artist chants *Eternal Springtime.* 'Midst fields, 'midst flowery gardens, and beside fountains young virgins are assembled. Fair is the sunlight, and as Spring is at its fairest moment, the air is balmy and the sky starry with a thousand flowers, pink or white, which cover the orchard trees; the water

murmurs, the bird sings. And there are dances, games, worship paid to the Madonna, hymns and invocations from children which float away on the light air. The tonality is gentle; white, rose, blue, melt together to form a soft harmony.

Of Willette we have *The Death of Pierrot.* On a straw mattress, in an attic, Pierrot is dying, alone and entirely abandoned. But, see! there is yet a consolation; the companions of his wild youth, those whose gentle hands helped him to ruin his life, come, attractive in their *déshabillé,* to cheer his last moments. There is Lise, and Rose, and Primrose. One is blonde, another golden, another dark, and all have delightful figures. Fortune makes her appearance; a lovely woman but she is of a race for which Pierrot, at times, knew no respect. And Fortune pardons not. Whilst with one hand, she complacently scatters gold in the mud, she throws disdainfully on the pallet of Pierrot a wreath worth a few pence, the hard, coarse wreath made of yellow immortelles — yellow as gold.

It is to be deplored that *Art and Life,* of Walter Crane, has been relegated to the gallery. Such a want of courtesy is astonishing. Walter Crane is a great artist, one of the last representatives of the splendid preraphaelite group which was one of the glories of England. When a dull picture like that of Armand Point's is favorably received, surely the noble and venerable Walter Crane should be better treated.

Let us notice, too, the *White Peacock,* a large composition in the modern style by M. Caro-Delvaille; the *Bath of Chloris,* animated by some little female figures dressed à la mode Louis XV, by Madame Madeleine Lemaire; and, lastly, an evocation by M. de Glehn : isolated from the rest of the world by the deep verdure of the forest, guarded from any surprise by the lake whose waters reflect the blue starry night and die softly against the entrance of the grotto where are indolently extended the forms of her nymphs — *Diana sleeps.*

L. CHIALIVA.

Road in Auvergne.

(Etched by G. Garen.)

SALON OF 1908.

E. CLAUS.

Elms by the Canal (September).

SALON OF 1908.

C. COTTET.

Beside the sea (Grief)

Photo Crevaux.

SALON OF 1908.

THE NUDE.

MM. Caro-Delvaille, Frieseke, Mme Lee-Robbins, MM. Durst, A. Fourié, Pierre Bracquemond, A. Berton, Morisset, Marcel Roll.

The nude is not abundant at the National Society. Few artists paint the nude for itself, for the joy of constructing a fine figure, of making the skin tremble under the play of lights. There are no medals to be won at this exercise; moreover, the nude is difficult to dispose of among picture buyers.

There is, however, at the National a study of the nude, a true and fine study, well posed, trembling and delicious in the light which bathes the blond flesh, the white arms, the firm breasts and the golden hair. It is signed Caro-Delvaille. The young artist, from whom we have learnt to expect interesting experiments — researches sometimes contestable, as will happen to those who are not content to see as others have seen — attests here, in this excellent work, his precious gifts as a painter.

Very interesting from the point of view of the qualities of light and color are the studies of the nude of M. Fr.-K. Frieseke. A lovely woman of bright complexion exhibits the whiteness of her skin, into which melts the reflection from a blue necklace; on a divan, another woman, seen from behind, unveils before a mirror her nakedness, which is intersected at the neck by the blood-red line of a collar of coral. Another nude, painted with ability and modeled in brightness, is by Madame Lee-Robbins.

On the banks of a brook, among the grass, in the shade of a discrete grove through which circles of sunlight come piercing the blue shade, M. Durst places his *Woman bathing;* on her converge the lines of light. M. Fourié gives us many studies of the nude, but they are chastely insignificant. The fair maiden who has served as model to M. Pierre Bracquemond is more tempting.

But why this ruddy paste on the flesh? M. Berton's nudes are always delicious. How graceful is his *Girl rearranging her hair!* The graceful gesture brings out the purity of the form, which is redolent of youthful charm.

Then there are some interesting *déshabillés*. M. Morisset shows us a young woman who devours a letter without noticing that her chemise, slipping from her shoulder, has fallen down to her fore-arm and exposed the prettiest flesh imaginable. M. Biessey, too, has given us some half-nudes.

Against a many-colored background of books, bound and unbound, arranged on shelves, M. Marcel Roll presents a young woman seen from behind; her neck and her arms are bare. The painting is bright, the flesh is supple, the tonality is refined. Roll's son has succeeded to the palette of the master, it is in good hands.

PORTRAITS.

MM. A. de La Gandara, Aman-Jean, Osterlind, Prinet, Boldini, J. Lavery, G.-W. Lambert, W.-G. de Glehn, Carolus-Duran, Guillaume-Roger, G. Picard, J. Stewart, Gervex, Dagnan-Bouveret, Aublet, J.-E. Blanche, F. Guiguet, A. Davids, Woog, Bernard Boutet de Monvel, Gari Melchers, Claus, P. Renouard, Mlle Marie d'Épinay, MM. Sala, Guillaume Alaux, E.-P. Ullman, Mlle de Boznanska, etc.

There is a lithograph by Daumier which represents some amateurs round a portrait. They are all crying : " By Jove!... Splendid!... Glorious!... Superb!... It absolutely speaks."

That last is an exclamation which has become rare. The portraits of our contemporaries seldom speak. I don't fancy that the models are less charming; but the artist's brush has become more discreet. The blame falls undoubtedly on them : they have lost the sense of character; but it is only just to assign some part of the blame to the

E. DAUPHIN.

Seascape.

SALON OF 1908.

JEAN DEDINA.

The Rose's kiss.

SALON OF 1908.

M. DENIS.

Eternal Spring.

(To form part of the decorations for M. Gabriel Thomas's house at Bellevue)

Photo E. Druet.

SALON OF 1908.

MAURICE DENIS

models who rest perfectly contented if the artist represents them, not as they are, but as they would be, and framed by surroundings which flatter their vanity. Appearance is everything!

It is not a new malady. Nattier, and before him Mignard, grossly flattered their models. And how much more the English masters, who did not always have beauties equal to Mrs. Siddons posing before them.

After all, is it of an importance particularly pressing that Madame X... is a little stouter or that Mademoiselle Z... is a little less developed than the painter asserts if, thanks to the magic of his brush, the public makes halt and the friends of the subjects, jealous, chatter before such or such portrait, and, by their presence, excite the curiosity of the crowd? And what artist knows better than M. de La Gandara how to catch the eye of the public; and he has, too, real qualities as a painter. Let us not forget that the models he chooses are the perfection of grace and elegance. Impossible to imagine women more delicious than Madame Renée Nagelmakers or Mademoiselle C. L..., and they are so beautifully dressed : the latter in pink, the former in ashy-blue. However, we may allow ourselves a choice, and the artist will be complimented above all on his portrait of Mademoiselle Dolley; she is presented *en toilette de ville;* a kind of grey surtout, enhanced by brocade-trimmings, holds her tightly enclosed ; on her head, which speaks of wit and refinement, is a large hat trimmed with feathers. All this forms a piece of painting which is particularly agreeable.

How is it possible to resist the desire of posing to M. Aman-Jean? Every woman assumes, 'neath his brush, rare colors and has something of the smile of La Joconde. And how cunningly M. Aman-Jean hits off the light and shade of the material in which his fair models are dressed! But in so much amability there is bound to be a touch of effeminacy, and, helped by his success, M. Aman-Jean, who has ere this shown what he can

do in an excellent portrait now in the Musée du Luxembourg, is somewhat inclined, perhaps, to give us decorative schemes rather than to fix images full of character. But neither Mademoiselle V. G..., nor Mademoiselle P... will complain of that. Nevertheless, it *is* possible to seize a physiognomy with firmness, with these same delicate tones and the same preoccupation of color. M. Osterlind proves it in the delicious portrait of a brunette; she has in her hair a crown of iris, her dress is sulphur yellow, and she leans on a green cushion.

In an "old French" interior, such as are no longer to be seen at Paris, though they are still to be found at Versailles and in such tranquil towns, M. Prinet groups an old lady and gentleman talking with a young woman. The faces are full of truth and expression, if somewhat gloomy. But here life is taken seriously.

The models of M. Boldini are the exact opposite. The pretty women whom he paints with such dazzling skill speak of strenuousness and "go." They pass from pleasure to pleasure, from fête to fête, their life is one continual change of scene and costume. Their flesh seems to tremble with excitement; it scarcely retains the dress, which, slipping, lets appears a shoulder, or gives a glimpse of a bosom whose whiteness and purity of form complete the attraction of the sparkling face, with its aureole of delicate hair. Thus appears Madame the Countess of S..., thus stands out Madame N... Charming models and skilful painting!

M. John Lavery presents Miss Lily Elsie in a sumptuous costume. But I fancy that the preference will be given to the more sober portrait of Miss Maggie Teyte, in which the delicate face absorbs entirely the attention. The same may be said for a painting of Sir Hickmann Bacon, Bart.

Then there is the group painted, against a background of landscape, by M. Georges-W. Lambert; how firmly it asserts itself! There are four persons: two women and two children,

A.-E. DINET.

Gala costume.

SALON OF 1908.

Mlle G. DRUON.

The Three Graces.

SALON OF 1908.

H. DUHEM.

The Shepherd's return.

SALON OF 1908.

but so happily presented, with so much craft in the distribution and in the development of the tones! To the portrait of Madame X..., by W.-G. Glehn, that other fine British artist, I far prefer *La Petite Victorienne,* portrait of a young girl; its touch is bold and free, à la Velasquez.

For M. Carolus-Duran it has been a veritable joy to paint the theatrical costume of *Don Fernando del F..., chamberlain of sword and cope to His Holiness*. In our epoch it is so rare to find a model who has the right or who is willing to wear a brilliant costume. M. A. D... has been good enough to lend his co-operation to such an end, and M. Guillaume-Roger has succeeded admirably in presenting him in a Louis XVIII costume.

Against the blue background of a Paris evening, M. Georges Picard has realized with a poetic touch the distinction of Miss L... A refined face, a nose *relevé,* a small mouth, a V-shaped bodice disclosing the delicate line of the neck, charmingly drawn, — such is Madame B..., seen in profile, almost from behind, portrayed by M. Julius Stewart. In a pose calculated to give due value to the bearing of the head and the gala-dress, Madame G... stands out against a park background. The appreciation of the crowd is, of course, freely given to the portrait of the Countess of H..., by M. Dagnan-Bouveret. Albert Aublet depicts Madame Bourgault-Ducoudray, — amiable, distinguished, leaning on a small table covered with roses, one of which she holds in her delicate hand.

Complete though it is, the exhibit of M. J.-E. Blanche does not make us forget that of last year, which enchanted us. But lovers of art will be grateful to him for having presented the thoughtful visage of the painter Charles Conder, and will, at the same time, praise the skilful grouping of the children of Mr. Saxton Noble.

Thanks be to heaven! There are still painters sufficiently

versed in their art to arrive at truth without fault. Regard the assemblage — so complete and so characteristic — of portraits by François Guiguet. Admire also *The Girl with a doll,* by the same artist, a little work of art of silvery coloring. But an exhibition of Guiguet's would be incomplete if it were unaccompanied by drawings. They are executed in black chalk, set off by the occasional use of sanguine; portraits of children which enchant one by their fulness of life and closeness of expression.

M. André Davids has not sought to win approbation by the external qualities of his models. I am grateful to him for such rare honesty, and praise all the more frankly the pictural merit of the portrait of Mademoiselle Elsa D... Keep in your mind the name of Mademoiselle Marcelle Hennequin, whose talent is attested by *A Girl with grey eyes.* Do not miss the portrait of Mademoiselle B..., by Émile Boulard, a thorough-bred artist. The little person before you wears the finest ornaments : youth. She lives, she breathes, she is about to speak. The result is achieved without artifice : sure draughtsmanship, easy and well built-up color, a perfect knowledge in modeling, and 'tis all. Another portrait by the same artist, Madame D..., smiling, in evening toilette, flesh abundant, but features fine nevertheless.

Regarding the pictured image of Anatole France, by M. Raymond Woog, the friends of the great writer are somewhat disappointed. They do not discover in this face, long, tired and rather à la Don Quixote, the distinction of visage, the brightness of eye, the liveliness that lurks in the delicate mouth of the charming wit and subtle talker whom they love.

Never a Salon without a portrait of M. Henry Maret. Here he is, painted by M. Auguste Delécluse. Later we are to discover in the other Salon another image of the keen journalist. M. Bloomfield has executed a portrait of M. Beurdeley, which does not make us forget that of Zorn. The portrait of M. Bernard Boutet de Monvel by himself has had, amongst artists and con-

A. DURST.

Geese bathing, evening.

SALON OF 1908.

A. Dorst

Mlle MARIE D'EPINAY.

Anxiety.

SALON OF 1908.

A. FOURIÉ.

On the water.

SALON OF 1908.

noisseurs, a well-deserved success, and with justice. Rarely has one seen a work so frank, nervous, and firmly struck off. On a common swept by a stormy breeze, the artist stands dressed in sporting costume; with one hand he holds on his hat; the movement is balanced by the mass of the cloak which floats from his left arm. At his foot are two greyhounds, impatient for the chase. This solitary figure, life-size, firmly upright in the midst of the rectangular space of canvas, is extraordinarily full of character. It is a masterpiece by a young artist who attracts attention each year by a fresh effort in some new direction.

Against the severe landscape of the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, before that affecting Monument to the Dead, M. Charles Giron shows us in profile the sculptor Bartholomé. The alert silhouette, the energetic countenance, the coat which a large *rosette* complacently adorns, prove that life once more smiles on the author of the Monument to the Dead. But will he not himself give us an eloquent proof of his vitality, when we come to treat of sculpture?

You remember that exquisite passage in *Sylvie,* where Gérard de Nerval tells us how charming his sweetheart was, dressed in her grand-aunt's wedding-dress, a dress in the fashion of days gone by, its gentle colors faded by the years : "Great-aunt's full-spreading skirt fitted Sylvie's slender waist perfectly; she told me to hook it up. 'How ridiculous they are, these flat sleeves,' said she. And yet the frills trimmed with lace disclosed charmingly her bare arms; her neck was framed in by the bodice, with its faded yellow tulle and its withered ribbons... She looked like *The Plighted Village Maiden* of Greuze."

One seems to re-live that scene before the delicious portrait of Madame G. M...; she is decked in the toilette of other days and looks at herself in a mirror that remains hidden; bright-colored nick-nacks surround her. This delicious work is by M. Gari Melchers; he gives us, too, a group of children round their mother and sheltered 'neath a clump of trees that the sunlight pierces

through. It is in full sunlight, too, that M. Claus shows us Mademoiselle Jenny Montigny.

As to M. Paul Renouard, that admirable draughtsman who is also a fine painter, he could not but choose a moment of sunshine to paint *M. Gravereaux in his Rose Garden.* It is always a pleasure to encounter a portrait signed Jacques Brissaud. The artist observes closely and paints well. A little girl dressed in blue, with a smiling face, remains especially in one's memory — it is so intensively alive. The distinction of a portrait of a lady in black, with the simple title, *Anxiety,* claims recognition; it is by Mademoiselle Marie d'Épinay.

The theatrical world enjoys particular favor. Anything that relates to it interests the public. Nothing can be more natural. Is it not at the theatre that rich and poor forget the worries of daily life? We all feel grateful to those excellent artists who give truth, by their talent, to the farthest stretched of fictions. It is difficult to know them, to speak to them : but here is Coquelin aîné, painted by M. Sala; Galipaux, by M. Guillaume Alaux; whilst M. Ed. Sain depicts the blooming beauty of Madame Felia Litvinne, the great singer.

The portrait of Madame B. T... and that of Hanako San give proof of the artistic ability of M. E.-P. Ullman.

We must mention the portraits that bear the following signatures, some for the character stamped on them, others for their execution, others simply for their charm : Hopkins (a young woman in white on a blue ground, charmingly shaded), Lempoels, Hugues de Beaumont, Florence K. Upton, Annette Ardron, Nepthaly Sternberg-Davids, Ch. Shannon — the latter's series of subtle lithographs would be seen with pleasure in France.

Mademoiselle Olga de Boznanska's portraits are somewhat unfinished and suggest caricatures, yet they hold the attention, for their truthfulness is conspicuous and their execution is interesting, if somewhat clumsy.

H. GERVEX.

Portrait of Madame G...

SALON OF 1908.

H. Grivex

W.-G. DE GLEHN.

Little Victorienne.

SALON OF 1908.

HOME-LIFE. — MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. — GENRE. SATIRE. — STILL-LIFE.

Mlle L.-C. Breslau; MM. Lobre, Jeanniot, R. Bunny, Louis Legrand, Raffaelli, Jean Béraud, Hochard, Henry Bouvet, Marcel-Clément, Ch. Dufrène, Roger Jourdain, Wely, Jean Veber, Albert Guillaume, F. Carme, J.-L. Perrichon, G. Schnegg, Storm de Gravesand, Mme Lisbeth Delvolvé-Carrière, M. Lottin.

The Thoughtful Life, by Mademoiselle Louise-C. Breslau, is very taking : in a studio corner, beside a table covered with flowers and familiar objects, are two women. After toil has come rest; it is that moment when one judges the effort accomplished and when one thinks of what must be attempted on the morrow. Of one of the two women we have a back view; her elbow is leant upon the table, she presents in profile her head, which is lightly supported by her hand, in a familiar gesture. Her companion is seen full-face; she is seated, and on her knees reposes affectionately the head of a great Russian greyhound. There is no sound. These two women do not speak, they do not even look at one another; and yet we feel how close is the intimacy which unites them : they are the artist herself and a very dear friend who shares with her the daily task. The work is light, full of *nuances,* expressive and alive.

Ah! how few in number they are, those artists who understand the charm of silence, who can be interesting without noise and hubbub. But here we meet one of them again — Lobre, that admirable painter, who has for the present withdrawn to Chartres. How he loves his beautiful cathedral, that marvelous example of splendor in simplicity. With what feeling he renders the mysterious penumbra of those chapels, with their sumptuous windows! How he makes the canvas vibrate with the splendor of the *Rose*

of France, the rich stained glass given by Saint Louis! Beside this living jewel of the Middle Ages, how solemn and dull, in spite of all its painting and gilding, seems the rich chapel of the Château de Versailles, which has, however, given M. Lobre an excuse for another excellent canvas.

This year, the still country houses, beloved of M. Le Sidaner, have closed their shutters. Our artist has abandoned them for Hampton Court; we shall come across him later, when we speak of artists abroad. As a compensation, we give closer attention to the really charming interiors to which Mademoiselle Germaine Druon and Madame Galtier-Boissière introduce us.

M. Jeanniot's talent consists in making public property the intrigues — innocent or naïvely impish — of girls or young married women, in the drawing-room, on the beach, or at the country. His models are thorough-bred, and as the painter's talent is distinguished and delicate, the works that result are exquisitely graceful. Here, beside the sea, is a young woman — dreamy, languid, disturbed; by whom? by what? Others are lying on the grass, *After the Bath,* wrapped in their bathing-gowns, which discover here and there their light flesh. They chatter while the sun dries their unloosened hair. Near a noble old tree is a delicious apparition. Jeanniot gives it a vague title. But we seem to recognize in this young woman, standing out so brightly in the great park at Versailles, Madame Lucie Delarue-Mardrus.

In *Summer Morning, A Distant Shore,* M. Rupert Bunny brings together, with refined taste, some charming women and shows them covered — or, following the hour, uncovered — in sumptuous satins, rare silks or fine gauze. These experiments of M. Rupert Bunny are a source of sensuous pleasure to the eyes and of joy to the mind.

M. Louis Legrand limits his observation to a particular section of society: that of the green room and of the bars; but, in his line, what a master he is! All his care is expended on

G. GUILLAUME-ROGER.

A Fantasy in decoration.

(Property of Madame L. D...)

SALON OF 1908.

V. KOOS.

The Forest sings.

(Decorative panel.)

SALON OF 1908.

LA FORÊT CHANTE

the attempt to realize the expression of a face, the plumpness of an arm or the movement of a bosom. Especially worthy of note is his *Woman drawing on a glove,* in which the fore-arm shows the perfection of line.

Montaigne loved Paris "down to its very warts." Raffaelli loves it and its types of every sort. Idlers on the boulevards, errand-boys, loafers on the fortifications, all is fish that comes to his net. First, he conjures up, in two masterly notations of color, the hurry-scurry of the *Place de la Madeleine* and of the *Boulevard des Italiens,* crowded with *toilettes* and with feverish little ladies in multicolored dresses rushing hither and thither; next, on two large panels, he fixes, with special care, two special types. Here, it is *The Improver,* a delicate head under a large hat, a red jacket, a short skirt, a bandbox on her arm; see how she skims along, this delightful little woman, this lively poppy, after whom those whom her charms have excited toil in vain! Then we have *The Woodcutter and his dog.* The man, old, with a long beard, and the dog, an ancient long-haired poodle, are much alike. The same rough exterior, the same air of goodness. There they are, side by side; you feel that they are seldom apart. They will die together.

At the Club, by Jean Béraud, is a witty group of persons gathered round the gaming-table : there are old beaux, serious-looking gentlemen, dignified gamblers, nervous punters, all watching the bank through the smoke of their cigars.

In pictures whose composition is firmly built up, which are boldly worked out and peopled with characteristic figures, M. Hochard shows us some society women taking tea at Bagatelle, on the race-course at Longchamp, or at the Académie française. M. Henry Bouvet has other society people, men and women, at a restaurant in the Bois, after dinner. M. Marcel Clément takes advantage of the brilliantly-lighted shop-windows of the *Place Vendôme* to exhibit a very elegant lady.

It is amongst the people employed at circuses or cafés-concerts that M. Charles Dufrêne recruits his models, whose characteristics he seizes firmly : *The Sixpenny-Gaff,* for instance, gives us the curious contrast of a foreground occupied by a fat-faced singer and a woman selling beer, with a background — the stage and the wings — occupied by some pretty puppets, expressive and living beneath their artificial grace. *The Dressing-room,* where we see a woman clown, her bust bare, giving to her monkey an orange to eat, and a gymnast — a splendid figure, his neck firm and muscular — is a work in which solid drawing is allied to a rare charm of color. All that represents the theatre, the circus, the café-concert as seen through the right end of the opera-glasses. M. Roger Jourdain aims less high : he introduces us to the dressing-room of a *King of the Stage;* the said king. a big, jolly man, clad in a flannel undershirt, is making himself up in the presence of a little woman full of admiration, and of a director full of obsequiousness.

Jean Veber transports the visitor some leagues from Paris to an imaginary "Robinson's." In the distance, the city extends its sea of houses, amidst which rises the Eiffel Tower, curiously gazing around. In the foreground is a merry-making. It is a wedding — no, there are two weddings ; up in the well-known tree, people loosely dressed, dine and gesticulate wildly. Lovers, somewhat "merry," regardless of the public, whisper soft nothings, not far from some men who are giving all their attention to a game of bowls. An artist is brushing away at a sketch, and beside him his wife calmly continues her embroidery. It is all full of movement and noise ; coming and going, drinking, singing, and loving. This work of Jean Veber is to decorate the buffet of the Town Council. All the world knows that amongst the eighty town councillors of Paris, sit they on the right clad in the reactionary scapulary, sit they on the left wearing the revolutionary carmagnole, there are some jolly fellows. But we fondly

A. DE LA GANDARA.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Dolley.

SALON OF 1908.

G. LA TOUCHE.

Bracquemond and his disciple.

(Portraits)

SALON OF 1908.

dreamt that when they had passed the doors of the Town Hall they forgot, right and left alike, their jolly carousals; we imagined that the buffet was a quiet corner where the orator, who had just been defending the sister of charity driven from her hospital, or the navvy exploited by capital, came to snatch an instant's repose and to refresh with a drop of water or some hygienic drink his throat parched by indignation or by a glowing speech in favor of some noble cause. Nothing of the kind. These gentlemen prefer to ingurgitate drinks of many colors in the presence of joyful scenes.

M. Albert Guillaume's exhibit takes up a whole panel, and in the catalogue we find these titles which those who admire the satirist will know how to translate : *A Merry Evening, Austere Pleasure, Under the Charm, Motion, Reading interrupted, The Telephone.* There are some excellent pieces of still-life at the National Society. They reveal in their authors the presence of a soul. M. Zakarian is undoubtedly very skilful, but his pictures seem to have been painted a century ago and to have been taken down from the wall of some gallery; I prefer those who speak out sincerely, naturally. For instance, M. Félix Carme. In one of his canvases he shows simply on the corner of a table a soup-tureen, a pitcher and a chicken. In the others, the objects employed are of a higher nature : things of days gone-by, placed on an ancient console table amidst flowers. But in both, what quality of tone, what distinction and charm !

MM. J.-L. Perrichon and Gaston Schnegg have equally succeeded in the task of rendering things from kitchen or pantry interesting. Nor must we forget the still-life studies of M. Storm de Gravesand; they are natural and broadly carried out, with a charming use of color. We like especially *Fruit* and *Etching.*

The limpid transposition of floral tones, with their subtle distinction, of M. Karbowsky, have a decorative value which will not surprise those who know the supple talent of that perfect artist. Here we have, in truth, a painting suited to our white

modern apartments. Nor can we omit the groupings of familiar objects, signed : Minerva, Chapman, Marthe Moisset.

Our flower painters work marvels. Madame Lisbeth Delvolvé-Carrière imparts a mystery, a soul to a *Young Azalea,* or to a few stems of *Begonia.* Then there is M. Henri Dumont, M. Woog, Madame Galtier-Boissière and the late M. Lottin, whom *Daisies,* a *Rose,* side by side with two *Portraits,* and a *Wave,* recall to the memories of those who love good painting.

COUNTRY SCENES. — LANDSCAPE. — THE SEA. THE SEINE AT PARIS.

MM. Lhermitte, Damoye, Billotte, Griveau, Lebasque, Claus, Chudant, J.-J. Gabriel, Stengelin, Chialiva, Duhem, Cottet, Harrison, Mesdag, Raoul-A. Ulmann, Maufra, Louis Gillot.

M. Lhermitte remains faithful to peasant life. He knows the beauty of life in the fields, with its toilsome yet easy task, so healthy, so honest and peaceful. We all know the charcoal drawings of Lhermitte ; they are full of character. Sometimes he takes a higher tone and fixes in an important picture some particular instant of peasant life. In the *Family,* this year, he shows us, seated at the foot of a stack just put together, amidst golden sheaves still lying on the ground and swaths, roughly tied, shining in the bright sun, a peasant woman, healthy and robust, who is giving her baby the breast. Around her, the older members of the family, the father and grand-parents. The scene is clear and distinct, well grouped and honestly executed. I am aware that it is this very honesty that one reproaches M. Lhermitte with ; some reproach him, too, with composing too carefully his pictures. How many other artists would do wisely to imitate him ! But can they ?

The landscape painters of to-day do not care to waste time over details ; they do not study with special attention this or that

H. LEROLLE.

A joyous day.

(Decorative panel.)

SALON OF 1908.

Douce Journée

MARCEL CLÉMENT.

Place Vendôme

SALON OF 1908.

characteristic of nature; they are contented if, by the help of their incontestable skill, they can create an illusion, can suggest some corner of a plain or meadow, the outskirts of a wood, a tiny village half-hidden amid verdure and betrayed to notice by its little steeple. All that, they render with uniform coloring and a touch both skilful and expeditious. M. Damoye is a master in such matters. M. Dagnaux, M. Gaston Guignard, M. Giran-Max are also very skilful landscape painters.

Occasionally, however, one encounters an artist who devotes a closer attention to *nuances* and to special effects. Such is M. Billotte. He never strays very far from Paris; the grey landscape of the Ile-de-France, the watery skies which overhang the valley of the Seine, have for him a sure attraction, and he seizes their effects with a feeling truly personal. *On the Fortifications before the storm* is, this year, the principal piece exhibited by M. René Billotte. A heavy day in autumn, some miserable trees in a dusty soil; on them a few leaves still remain, yellow and burnt-up; through a tragic sky passes a coppery light, which colors the bare embankments and the tops of the high houses which rise up behind the wall. And that is all; but it is strangely poignant.

Noiselessly and calmly, as if to please himself, thus it is that M. Lucien Griveau paints a suite of charming little panels : air and light, poetry and a healthy odor of the soil are all expressed. M. Griveau has a delicate eye for light and shade. On the other hand, M. Lebasque, one of the most highly gifted and most powerful of the latest school of impressionist artists, seeks only light, be it question of portraiture or of landscape, as in *The Old Mill*. M. Claus echoes him in *Elms beside to the Canal,* in which the shadows express de dazzling intensity of the sunshine. M. Victor Gilsoul gives us a second *Canal;* M. de la Villéon some gardens full of flowers; MM. Lechat and Cadel some pretty effects, and Gaston Schnegg a little blonde landscape.

Formerly, M. Chudant loved to express the glories of the

town of Alger sleeping in the moonlight, or the mystery of an Arab cemetery on a starry night. He has extended his method to French landscapes and offers *An Orchard in April, The Bridge of Voray, The Old Tree* — all three lighted by a winter moon.

The exhibits of M. J.-J. Gabriel show once more that this artist has a keen eye and a delicate brush. The cows that have invaded the courtyard of his *Farm* are firmly drawn and well placed. Amongst ponds which water fresh meadows, against a background of poplars, M. Stengelin sets his cows, as healthy and as fat as the rich landscape in which they live and which is nothing else than a corner of bright Holland, — Holland with its delicate *Willow Groves* and its *Sun seen through clouds.* On a *Road in Auvergne,* on which beats a burning sun, M. Chialiva herds together a flock of sheep. Poor beasts! How much happier they would be in the fresh and grassy meads, dotted with clumps of trees which surround the pretty village of *Besse-en-Chandesse!* But night is drawing on, the moon is rising. It is that delicious moment at which Henri Duhem loves to take notes. Notes which allow him to give us compositions like *The Pavilion* and *The Shepherd's return,* the latter of which discovers 'neath the light of the moon, whose rays are from time to time obscured by little clouds, a fold with timid sheep coming home under the charge of a shepherd wrapped in his great many-folded cloak.

With true skill, M. Durst detaches, against convincingly-truthful landscapes, white geese going to bathe or already plunged in the limpid water.

The fervent admirers of the ocean grow greater in numbers, year by year. Its threatening waves with the mighty clouds piled up above them make an impression on many an artist; the life of men who are dependent on the sea for bread, the perils they encounter, excite the interest of those who have drawn near the deep and mingled for an instant their emotion with the anguish of the fisher folk. Thus has *Grief* been inspired to

H.-W. MESDAG.

Fishing boats putting out to sea

SALON OF 1908.

SCHIL

F. MONTENARD.

Home to the port, the Mistral blows (Marseilles).

SALON OF 1908.

M. Charles Cottet by the poignant drama so often renewed in « the Country by the Sea, » — the drama in which a man starts out living and full of force to be thrown back livid and dead by the capricious Ocean. In the foreground, following the arrangement of the *Christ and Mother* or of the *Saviour placed in the Tomb,* of some sculptor of the first French Renaissance, are grouped women, kneeling or standing, in attitudes that tell of despair, before the rigid corpse. Their dress is black, their faces are livid. Day is dying. In the background, beyond the little creek which shelters the smacks with their ochre or vermilion-colored sails, on one of which that same morning this man set sail, are some low houses with grey roofs. To this scene we might easily assign the name of a little port in Brittany. And the picturesque realism of the scene adds grandeur and terror to the drama in the foreground. Thither the eye reverts in spite of all, attracted, fascinated by the arrangement of the groups, by the truthfulness of the attitudes, and at the same time by their traditional character. For, once more, Cottet has not feared to draw his inspiration from such or such pose fixed by the masters of the past, and in that he is perfectly right. His *Grief* is a work that will last, a work for some public gallery. For it is only the work in which the picturesque is exaggerated and innovation sought for at any price that tires and loses its effect with years.

After such a page, it is difficult to find more to say on the life of the toilers of the deep. That life, however, finds its *raconteurs* in M. E. Chevalier, M. Le Gout-Gérard, M. Piet, and others.

The romantic conceptions of the great wave, a wave beautiful in itself, realized in rich color applied with strokes of the palette-knife, is dead. Nowadays we direct our researches towards the momentum and the coloration of the billows; and, in that direction, M. Harrison and M. Mesdag, characteristically represented this year by *North Sea in November, Departure of Fishing Boats, Fine Day on Scheveningue Beach,* have produced meritorious work.

But certain artists have been yet farther. For the rare and fleeting effect, they have substituted the effect which is characteristic. And amongst the leaders in these new tendencies I place M. Raoul A. Ullman in the front rank. He has studied the sea in Brittany, he has seen it in all weathers; but the remembrance of lowering days specially remains. He notes the caprices of the Ocean and expresses with infinitely varied art the effects of light playing on the moving waters, coloring the white line of some lighthouse, or the darker trace of the reefs. A large canvas shows us the fishing barks in tranquil repose : *Rest at Sea ;* the lighthouse whence falls that gleam which, now that the sun is down, the mists will presently attenuate, is *Port Haliguen ;* the tonality of those sails, blue or red, delicate playthings rocked by the wave, was observed one day at *Ressac*.

M. Maxime Maufra is still faithful to the stormy sea of Belle-Isle. But he adds to his exhibits a *Rue Saint-Séverin,* commanded by the picturesque Gothic church which gives the street its name. The character of this ancient Paris way is truthfully expressed. And since we are once more back at Paris, do not let us forget the exhibits of M. E. Louis Gillot, who has so happily observed the atmosphere of the Seine, with the line of its bridges and quays.

OUT OF FRANCE.

FLANDERS. — ENGLAND. — ITALY. — SPAIN. FROM MARSEILLES TO THE EAST.

MM. Willaert, Le Sidaner, G. Prunier, Iwill, Smith, Stewart, Guillaume-Roger, Dubufe, Lucien Simon, E.-René Ménard, Sureda, Montenard, Dauphin, Paillard, Zuloaga, Garrido, Rusinol, Dinet.

After having, for the last twenty years, suffered from a perfect invasion of artists, Flanders is somewhat abandoned. Yet, what

J.-F. RAFFAELLI.

Le Boulevard des Italiens.

SALON DE 1908.

F. SIMON.

Religious Ceremony (Assisi).

Photo Crevaux.

SALON OF 1908.

a marvelous country it is, full of color, harmony and peace! M. Willaert expresses all its charm in the six pictures which he has sent and of which one, *The Quai de la Maternité at Ghent, winter,* has special importance. The river bank is covered with snow, which refines yet more highly the white of the low houses. Passers-by are rare : only two poor women, bent double and fighting their way as best they can against the squalling wind. *Old Houses at Ghent besides the Lys,* with their very red bricks and their damp walls merits attention.

London has been visited by MM. Le Sidaner and Gaston Prunier. Le Sidaner, who loves to chant the music of earth's silent nooks, at London! Yes, and, despite the busy crowds, he has painted and produced. See his *Saint Paul's,* surrounded by the enormous houses which line the banks of the Thames, rising up through the mists to which a dying sun imparts delicate color. Next we have the buildings of *Trafalgar Square.* But he has taken special pleasure in Hampton Court, and that at a season and an hour when no one thinks of visiting it. Yet, what a feast it is for delicate eyes! The bricks of the old Palace are dyed a yet deeper red by the last rays of a winter sun, its gardens all covered with frost and hid in mist, take on higher and more poetical hues. And in one's memory will especially remain the recollection of a fountain prattling in the midst of a deserted court.

M. Gaston Prunier has planted his easel in the middle of the City, he has lounged beside the Thames, from Westminster to the Tower Bridge. And there, in sunshine, rain or fog, he has discovered some splendid effects. Such as, for example, *The Thames seen from the Tower Bridge,* where the struggle between sun and mist is translated by great streams of golden light whicht he river absorbs; such, too, *Wharf in the Fog, Cannon Street Bridge.*

As usual, Italy has its admirers; many find their pleasure at Venice, that beautiful town, with its ever-changing colors. We have MM. Iwill, Smith, Stewart, Guillaume-Roger. M. Dubufe

surrounds his *Madonna in blue* with little studies made at Capri. But, for MM. Lucien Simon and Émile-René Ménard especially, has Italy proved a source of inspiration.

M. Lucien Simon has been to Assisi. The little town, as we see it in M. Dauchez's picture of this year, stands on a gentle slope whence it overlooks the country round, — gentle Umbria decked in flowers. At the classical epoch in landscape painting, our artists loved well to paint the town as they found it, adding nothing and suppressing nothing. Rémond has done hundreds of outlines of Assisi; his example was followed by Corot, a docile pupil, yet one of genius, and by Caruelle d'Aligny, Flandrin, and many another. M. Simon has not stopped at the town gates; he has penetrated into the church. It happened to be the moment of some sumptuous festival; canons, priests, and lay-vicars, all were present; the clergy had decked the altar in its handsomest adornments; tapers gave their radiance and spread their odor; the harsher light from without penetrated; it lingered lovingly on the chasubles, covered with lace and embroidery, of the priests officiating; it accentuated the dark tones of the servers' cassocks. A spectacle not to be forgotten; and M. Simon's interpretation is grandiose, it is a masterpiece.

M. Émile-René Ménard tells of the beauty of Southern Italy. Here we see, in the depths of the marshy plain, against a curtain of mountains covered by Olympian clouds, Pæstum and its two Doric temples, which still keep alive the memory of Grecian beauty in this land abandoned to herds of bulls. But in the sky of this canvas certain effects clash, and I prefer to it Ménard's pictures of the *Appian Way*. These beautiful pages show, 'neath an autumn sky, nature in golden tints, very noble, clothed in gentle light. A tower in ruins, some umbrella-pines here and there, and the infinity of the horizon towards which the road leads on, that road beautiful in its severity, trod by conquerors and barbarians.

A. STENGELIN.

Cows bathing (Holland).

SALON OF 1908.

F. WILLAERT.

The quai de la Maternité at Ghent, winter.

SALON OF 1908.

Fernando Villegas

Puvis de Chavannes called one of his most wonderful compositions, the one in which he put, perhaps, the most light of any: *Marseilles, gate of the East;* and certainly the great artist was right. For regard the brilliant cathedral of Marseilles, gilded by the sunlight under the azure sky, as painted by M. Sureda. Had the artist been to Smyrna or Madras, his vision would not have been more sumptuous. Yet those who have visited Marseilles, who have loitered in its admirable port, can attest that here is nothing but the truth. Truthful, too, is *Home to the Port, the mistral blows,* in which M. Montenard displays more vigor than is habitual with him. On a blue sea, intensely blue, pass heavy fishing boats, with ochre or red sails, driven on by rowers, old Provençal seamen in red jerseys and red caps. This red note bursts forth, insistent and tumultuous, and is reflected in the blue sea. Nor must we leave Marseilles without paying a visit to the old *Fort Saint-Jean* as painted by M. Dauphin; or to *Martigues,* vibrating with light, of M. Paillard, who gives us also a *Market in Provence,* especially interesting.

That extraordinary artist, Zuloaga, has sent three pictures, works of superior merit. The finest is, perhaps, *The Dwarf, Gregorio, seller of wine-skins.* Dwarf is perhaps exaggerated. Gregorio is little, stoutly-built and deformed; his body is deformed with its bow-legs; his head, too, is deformed, for it seems roughly hacked out of some dark wood; his nose is flattened, his mouth is too large, one of his eyes is normal, but the other, greyish blue in color, stands forth lifeless, glassy, useless. With all that, he is as strong as an ox, for he bears on his shoulders, suspended to a stick, two wine-skins as tall as himself and whose weight and size would crush any other man. He snatches an instant's repose in a landscape dry and sterile, in the background of which rises an old city guarded by a crenelated wall and decked with towers.

But one has no fear of this ill-formed being, amidst the sombre

scene. You would feel less comfortable if, at the corner of some wood, you fell in with this group of witches, women whose skin the sunlight and their terrible rites have shrivelled up, whose ugliness is the ugliness of hell — such M. Zuloaga presents them in another canvas. Packages and baskets, cages in which move restlessly a screech-owl or some serpents, surround them. It is almost night, the heath is deserted and the town still far. And there is no Don Quixote to purge the province of Segovia of such strange characters! But see, a delicious vision, by the same Zuloaga, breaks the nightmare : *Mademoiselle Lucienne Bréval in the second act of "Carmen."* Delicious apparition! This young creature, her lithe form hidden under a flowery shawl, wears on her face a charming smile and has the most beautiful eyes imaginable!

M. Garrido is a Basque : the attention that he gives to character studies show that he is certainly of the same family as the artist of whom we have just treated. What a fine picture is his *Fish Woman,* surrounded by urchins; and what a fine piece of painting is his *Art Critic!* M. Rusinol offers some enchanting Spanish gardens, so neglected.

M. Dinet tells of Africa in all its splendor. *Under the pink laurels, Young Girls selling water,* and, above all, *In Gala Dress,* which represents a little Moorish girl proudly adorned in her finest finery, attest once again the great qualities of this artist, who can, when necessary, re-become European and *homme du monde,* as is proven by his portrait of Madame B...

L.-E. WILLETTE.

Perchance life is but a dream.

(Property of Jules Chavasse, Cette.)

SALON OF 1908.

I. ZULOAGA.

The dwarf : Gregorio el Botero (seller of wine-skins).

SALON OF 1908.

SCULPTURE.

MM. Rodin, Bartholomé, Lucien Schnegg, Lamourdedieu, Halou, Mlle Poupelet, MM. Despiau, Becker, Pierre Roche, A. Lenoir, Troubetzkoy, E. Bourdelle, Lagare, Dampt, J.-R. Carrière, Gaston Schnegg, Louis Paul, Cornu, Dejean, Fix-Masseau, Baffier, Injalbert, Desbois; Mmes de Frumerie, Ruth Millès, S.-A. Wright; MM. Kautsch, Froment-Meurice, de Monard, J.-L. Brown, Henry Nocq, Carabin, Agathon Léonard, etc.

The Sculpture section at the National Society has a glorious past. Here one has seen, united during the last ten years of the nineteenth century, all those who in this art were lovers of the living, the beautiful, the harmonious, here one sees all such still, in this twentieth century. Here was seen the work of Constantin Meunier; there reigned Dalou, a source of conscience and character; there Rodin dominates by his genius the statuary of to-day.

After years of struggle, after the sufferings of an unjust ostracism, he has now entered into his glory. And now Rodin, creator of *The Golden Age,* of *Saint John the Baptist,* of the *Citizens of Calais,* of the *Man with the broken nose,* author of that marvelous *Bust of a woman,* which is kept at the Luxembourg, conscious of labor accomplished, devotes himself since some years to work less for the crowd — for he has conquered the elite — than for himself; he devotes himself to the research of some new form, of some audacity in pose or gesture, of something characteristic in line.

And it is from this point of view that the three pieces which he has sent this year should be studied; they bear the titles : *Orpheus, Triton and Nereid, Muse.* This last work especially

can only be considered as a fragment of something more important. It is to become part of a monument to Whistler. The *Muse* is to become a medallion to the effigy of the great painter. It would be puerile, then, to demand from a piece of sculpture which, though already perfect in some points, is neglected in others, which will be worked up into a more imposing whole, an expression integral and complete. The same may be said for his *Triton and Nereid* and for the *Orpheus*, which are second, third or fourth ideas of works which will be rehandled twenty times. Yet, how much beauty is there already in this *Orpheus*, how overcome he is by his grief; see his lyre! once so light to the musician's arm and now so heavy to that of Eurydice's lover, of him who for her has conquered Erebus and yet shall see her no more, never more. What cries of admiration would be raised if any portion of the *Triton and Nereid* were dug up in Attic soil!

Yet these are but first attempts, fragments which a Rodin alone can permit himself to submit to the public's curiosity. Should some impuissant plagiary, wearied by his unsuccessful efforts, dare offer thus a figure without head, arm or leg; should be break that head, or arm or leg, hoping to attract thus the public's attention; should he prematurely reproduce what remains of his statue in a fine rose marble, in a marble descended in line direct from that of Paros; yet would the feebleness of what remains condemn beyond appeal all his pretentions. For if the marble is Attic, the sculptor's spirit is not.

But let us turn to the exhibit of M. Bartholomé. It is only a bust; but as art it is superior and enthusiasm marks its execution. For know this; it is the bust of Madame Bartholomé herself: the face is gentle, intelligent, peacefully inclined on admirable shoulders; the mouth, half-opened, breathes. No flourishes attenuate or spoil the regularity of the face, the purity of the neck. The hair is simply parted and falls in flat bands, leaving the forehead uncovered; a drapery is wound tightly round the throat and

A. RODIN.

Orpheus

SALON OF 1908

A. RODIN.

Muse.

SALON OF 1908.

BARTHOLOMÉ.

Bust of Madame Bartholomé.

(Marble)

SALON OF 1908.

moulds its contour. It is delightful. Moreover, there are, in this year's Salon, other masterly translators of the charm of woman. In the front rank we place M. Lucien Schnegg. This perfect artist has the desire, nay! more, the determination that in the perfection of realisation no trace of effort remain. He analyses scrupulously when he makes his preliminary studies; but, in the finished work, he thinks only of the mass, largely handled, but with perfect precision, and thus synthetizes and resumes the preparatory efforts.

Besides his busts, amongst which one remarks the effigy of *The Old Girondine,* M. Lucien Schnegg has placed *The Kiss,* a group in which figure two young forms, — the man already expert and vigorous, the young girl laughing, opening like a flower at the ecstasy of the first kiss; he has also two women (statuettes) which are works of exceptional merit. The first is bending down, and thus the graceful line of her back stands out, as well as her legs, solid and young; the second is standing; she raises one arm which is bent back towards her neck, the other she leans on her lap; she holds herself firmly and presents a torso, solid, supple, endowed with splendid breasts and planted on legs perfectly modeled.

M. Lamourdedieu has not yet reached M. Lucien Schnegg's perfect mastery, but I fancy that in his work also the same qualities of will and good taste may be discovered, combined with the same comprehension of expression in sculpture.

His *Modern Venus* is a beautiful creature, somewhat heavy of face 'neath the thick coils of hair, and with powerful arms. Her nudity betrays itself, escaping from the modern dress that she is unrobing. It is a very beautiful work, perfect in construction and in balance of line. This woman has that beauty which is for all time. Why, then, this flounced petticoat at her feet? A simple drapery would have done better, for what is really striking in this figure, — entitled, it is true, *Modern Venus adorning her*

charms — is that she is not adorning them. The only ornament is her beauty, solid and undisguised. M. Lamourdedieu has added a bust (that of Madame Th. C...) as accompaniment to his great effort; he has sent, likewise, some statuettes, notably *Woman in chemise,* which continue the series of other statuettes, long since recognized as excellent.

From M. Lamourdedieu to M. Halou, the distance is considerable : this latter artist gives way to certain fondnesses, his craft is not yet at full maturity, but he has the sentiment of large masses, and, with the varying need, careful insight into character, or the intuition for certain syntheses, as one sees in *The Resignation of Aphrodite.* A *Terminal Figure,* a study of a woman, naked and seated on the ground; some smaller impressions, such as that figure of a woman turning her head, — a charming movement, — or that old woman warming herself at the fire; and some little animals, for example, a goose — all these things bear witness to the close and intelligently-compressed observation of Mademoiselle Poupelet.

Dalou is recalled to our memories by a very expressive bust due to M. Auguste Becker. He shows us Dalou in working dress; his features bear the trace of fatigue; just as his friends knew him in later days. More important is the homage of another of his admirers and disciples, M. Pierre Roche, who has conceived the project of a monument to the glory of the great sculptor. The artist explains his work as *Bust of Dalou carried in honor by the people and glorified by the Republican idea.* There is a woman's figure, neat, delicate and charming of line ; there is a man's, the People, a colossus whose muscles contract under the weight of the bust of Dalou, whose grave face, standing out above the group, is too closely analysed. The eye cannot habituate itself to the continuous effort expressed in this image. The error is an old one; it goes back to the Laocoon. Still it needs but a touch to render this monument, already so finely developed, quite perfect.

L. SCHNEGG.

Aphrodite.

Statuette en plâtre.

SALON DE 1908

R. LAMOURDEDIEU.

Modern Venus adorning herself.

(Marble statue.)

SALON OF 1908.

P. ROCHE.

Design for a Monument to Dalou

SALON OF 1908.

Another regrettable example of this analytical trueness-to-life is seen in the half-length figure in bronze by M. Alfred Lenoir of M. Adolphe Moreau, the great collector, who gave *Don Juan's Bark* to the Louvre, and left, in trust for the same gallery, a part of his fine collection to his son, M. Moreau-Nélaton, who added to it with great intelligence. The State, wishing to preserve the features of one whose memory is dear to all lovers of art, gave the order for this work. But what has happened? M. Lenoir has tried to express not life itself, but an accident, a picturesque episode in life. M. Adolphe Moreau is presented in frock coat, smiling, a cigar between his teeth, a top-hat on his head. And then the figure is continued to half-length. This accumulation of detail is prejudicial to what is essential, viz, to the physiognomy. Such accessories are certainly useful for the effigies at the *Musée Grévin,* but they are out of place in a work which will be sent to the Louvre. The spectator is attacked by feelings which are far from reverent; he feels, at least, astonished and uneasy before the Adolphe Moreau by M. Alfred Lenoir. M. Lenoir redeems these errors by a graceful statuette : *After the Bath.*

The merits of M. Troubetzkoy are, I fancy, greatly exaggerated. His sculptures are glowing; the graceful women, whose smile or whose handsome costumes he has modeled, certainly give the impression of having been nimbly fashioned ; they are placed before us living and smiling. But then there is a certain want of precision, there is something risky about M. Troubetzkoy's style; it has far less connection with Rodin than with M. Meodardo Rosso. The latter leaves in his productions far too great a place for chance and fancy.

M. Émile Bourdelle gives us a bust of Jean-Dominique Ingres; it is modeled with skill, and, if a literal resemblance is not achieved, it is true from the point of view of heroic beauty. Here we have the great artist as he appears to us : colossal. The same sculptor has a bust of Dr. Joseph Molinié, finely carried

out and full of character. There are, besides, at this Salon, a certain number of interesting busts. It would be difficult to admire too highly, for its perfect grace and excellent execution, that of Madame G..., by M. Ch.-A. Despiau; for the resemblance and boldness of touch, that of the great impressionist, Guillaumin, by M. Paul Paulin; and there are others signed Körmendi-Frim, Lucienne Gillet, Froment-Meurice, Léon Fagel, Fix-Masseau. *Human Destiny,* a large bas-relief by M. Lagare, has, at each end and in the central groups, portions which are successful, but their importance is compromised by characterless filling-up. An amusing little figure of a child, dressed up as Bacchus, by M. Dampt. Mask of a woman and some baby-faces, closely studied by M. Jean-René Carrière.

Gaston Schnegg has a pretty group cast in bronze, *Mother and Daughter,* and a statuette in wood, *A Lesson in dress-making.* In wood, too, M. Louis Paul has carved his two statuettes, one of which, representing an *Old Country-woman,* must be particularly praised; in wood, moreover, is M. Angel's *Artisan.*

Decidedly, wood is once more in honor, for it is also in this beautiful medium that M. Cornu has executed *The Nest,* a group, life-size, of a mother and child, full of penetrating charm.

M. Dejean has built up a pyramid of men and women above whom appears a delicate *Dawn.* He accompanies this group by an interesting female torso and a delightful statuette of a *Society Woman, seated,* in plaster *patiné.* M. Fix-Masseau, who is always so skilful and graceful, shows amongst other things two statuettes of nude women — the one stooping down is particularly beautiful — and the silhouette of a lady dressed in the fashion of 1830, very true in movement.

That knight-errant of sculpture, M. Jean Baffier, consecrates his point to the glorification of the great figures of ancient France, for example, Nicolas Rollin, and extends his care to some little lambs, either with or without blemish, of the present epoch.

L. DEJEAN.

Woman seated.

(Plaster cast.)

SALON OF 1908.

A. C. CORNU

The Nest.

Statue in wood

SALON OF 1908.

The eighteenth century inspires M. Injalbert and M. Desbois; they present a great sculpture in marble, *Winter*, an old man steeped in melting icicles.

We must not forget to mention the exhibits signed : Arnold, Ph. Besnard, Bourgoin, Cavaillon, Champy, Madeleine Jouvray, Marcel-Jacques, Toussaint, Suzanne-Camille de Sainte-Croix, Pérelmagne, and Bessie-Potter Vonnoh, whose statuette *Maternity* has much charm. With the title *Forbidden Fruit,* a Swedish artist, Madame Agnès de Frumerie, offers a group of young children opening in secret a book which they have been told not to look at. Natural in pose and full of expression are these youngsters, whose disobedience will have little consequence, given their age. Another Swedish artist, Madame Ruth Millès, has sent two statuettes full of life, *The Burden* and *The Peasant Woman,* and a small high-relief, well composed and brilliant : *Wives and Mothers of absent fishermen.* Sculpture undoubtedly counts amongst its adepts some women full of talent. For it is a woman, an Irish artist, who has modeled this statuette of Charles Shannon drawing, and the group of a *Young Man with a baby;* to Mademoiselle Sara Greene Wright, an American, is due an excellent little group of *Two Sisters,* in which there are qualities of breadth which are rarely found in the schools of the North.

In the absence of M. A. Charpentier, the medallion finds a worthy interpreter in M. Kautsch. Amongst his exhibits is a head of M. Bartholomé. Other interesting plaquettes or medallions are signed H. Le Roy, Roques, *Woman combing her hair,* Lilian Hamilton, Mary Swainson, O. Spaniel, and G. H. Mason.

Animal sculpture is amply represented this year, and, in general, by interesting works. Dampt, that master-artist, has carved in grey marble, with the care that he applies to everything, a *Kid.* He sends also a *Little Cat.* M. Froment-Meurice, expert in the study of the horse, shows a *Picador's Horse,* and in a high-relief, tells the picturesque story of the efforts of ten strong oxen

who are transporting blocks of marble from the mountains of Carrara. Some cats, closely studied, are signed E.-M. Perrot.

We must notice a new-comer, full of talent, M. de Monard, who has sent some small bronzes, dogs of different breeds, and a decorative group well composed : *The Eagle at the Chase,* inspired by some verses of Leconte de Lisle.

> Swooping upon him like some hellish dream,
> Into the stallion's neck the eagle drives
> His iron claws; with cruel beak he rives
> His eyeballs; whilst, with panic-stricken scream,
> Bearing like plumed helmet on his head
> The mighty bird, with pinions wide outspread,
> His victim rears his hoofs and beats the air,
> Then bears into the night his horror and despair.

In his statuettes of horses, constructed with science, exact and neat, M. Jean-Louis Brown shows himself a worthy nephew of the painter John-Lewis Brown, who knew so well how to set in motion elegant cavaliers and horses in bright landscapes.

It is not long since the dexterity and good taste of M. Henry Nocq were proved by a female bust, executed in rare materials and enriched with enamels and precious stones. The rough model of another such bust, which he shows this year, promises for a future Salon the arrival of an image, full of taste, in which ivory, silver, gems and enamels will have their part. There are some amusing dancers, bodies in silver, skirts in bronze with green patina, by the ingenious Rupert-Carabin. M. Agathon Léonard has a *Salomé* and a *Dancer,* executed in ivory, gold, silver, enamel, etc. Mademoiselle Yvonne Serruys has some *Dancers*, too.

L. DE MONARD.

Eagle at the chase.

Bronze.

SALON OF 1908.

P. PAULIN.

Bust of Guillaumin.

SALON OF 1908.

SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS.

PAINTING.

ECIDEDLY, the Society of French Artists is anxious to bring itself up to date. Side by side with the exhibits of personages, well known but somewhat antiquated, and the works of their pupils in search of certificates and medals, it consents to accept now and again some curious research, especially if it be signed by some foreign name. Diplomacy is so necessary an art! The Society has, moreover, created a musical competition; it has appealed to the poets. You may see them, you may hear them recite their verses; for the men, there is an audience of tender-hearted ladies; for the daughters of Polymnia, there are male admirers, who have, perhaps, but little ear, but who possess eyes capable of judging the natural grace of the fair speakers and the charm of their refined toilettes.

Another novelty: the Society of French Artists, having at last found a room available, has instituted in its turn retrospective

exhibitions. It is true that the room is not very handsome, it is gloomy and somewhat out of the way. But no matter!

RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITIONS OF ERNEST BARRIAS AND ALEXANDRE CABANEL.

As to the sculptor Ernest Barrias, there is little to be said. It is but yesterday that he died, and at the present moment it would be difficult to fix his place in the art-movement of the nineteenth century. A group, *The First Funeral,* a graceful statue of *Mozart as a child,* and another of the *Young Girl of Bou-Saada,* had brought forward his name. He showed himself, in these works, endowed with a supple touch, and in the busts of Dr. Dechambre, of the elder Marmontel and of Madame Barrias, he revealed sufficient power as a physiognomist. He was enamored also of the picturesque and did not hesitate to express himself in polychromic marble, as is proved by one of his most important productions : *Nature unveiling,* in the Musée du Luxembourg; he employed also ivory and gold in his statuettes, for his taste was minute. And his smaller productions will long be sought after by the customers of the dealers in works of art in bronze. We owe to him a Victor Hugo, the statue placed in the square of the same name. The enthusiasm awakened was but moderate. He was a good master and trained several *Prix de Rome.*

Alexandre Cabanel is more interesting. He died some time ago, and his work, consequently, excites curiosity. The portraits of women executed by him have already the charm of the past. For his fame will repose more on these portraits than on his large compositions. Some shown here are particularly interesting. A central panel brings together around the portrait of Madame E. Hervé, in a white *décolleté,* the intelligent face of M. Pierre Cabanel and the graceful visage of Madame Paul Hély d'Oissel, a young lady with beautiful eyes, whose shoulders are covered

Mlle L. ABBEMA.

Portrait of Madame Carrie Wisler.

SALON OF 1908.

R. AVIGDOR

A Girl.

SALON OF 1908.

J.-H. AVY.

Entr'acte.

SALON OF 1908.

by a scarf of black lace. The work makes one think, for a moment, of Ricard. Another expressive portrait in which the modeling is finer than is habitual with Cabanel, is that of Madame Philippe Gille. Nor must we forget the likenesses of the Countesses of Clermont-Tonnerre and Pillet-Will, of Mesdames Cibiel and Dumont. The portrait of dear old Pacini and those of MM. Jules Paton and Armand demand attention. Alexandre Cabanel drew correctly, without much individuality, but with elegance. Only one amongst the drawings assembled at the Grand Palais, *The Choirmaster's Widow,* a charcoal, romantic in conception, is capable of exciting emotion. We must add that this retrospective exhibition does not allow one to form a definite opinion on Cabanel. To judge his work a visit must be paid to the Museum at Montpellier, where a hall has been reserved for it and where the best of it is to be seen. There are especially some female portraits in black lead which are perfectly charming.

HISTORY. — DECORATIVE PAINTING. — ALLEGORY.

MM. Frank Craig, Bussière, Tattegrain, Ed. Detaille, A. Lalauze, Fouqueray, Hoynck Van Papendrecht, Jacquier, Maxime Faivre, Henri Martin; Mlle C.-H. Dufau; MM. J.-P. Laurens, Tanner, P.-A. Laurens, Zwiller, Tade Styka, Chigot.

The historic picture, the great canvas peopled with figures either nude or draped with theatrical dignity, is disappearing from modern exhibitions. It is no longer indispensable in order to gain a medal or even a "highly commended." But it is not entirely banished from the Exhibition of French Artists. Some of the candidates for the *Prix de Rome* practise betimes and send the fruits of their toil hither. There are, too, some old and obstinate painters who cannot decide to abandon a style which was all the rage in their youth. Is it not touching to see Raymond Balze,

now almost a centenarian, interpret with trembling brush a subject such as this : *Sixtus the Fifth receives his nieces and, scandalized at their costume, says : "Certainly I have nieces, but they have become washerwomen."*

M. Louis Roger has, no doubt, read his Flaubert; he has heard tell of the "three rough stones under a rainy sky" in *Salammbô.* But why place in this scenery, purely Armorican, models who are purely Italian? His work shows, however, a certain merit and some dramatic feeling. But the *Miracle of St. Julien* of M. Lionel Royer, and the *Charlemagne receiving the keys of the Holy Sepulchre,* "for foreign consumption," by M. P. H. Flandrin, and the *Death of Charles the Bold,* by M. F. C. Baude, executed in that greasy manner which was and which is still in high favor at the École des Beaux-Arts! Far more expressive is the Louis XI. whom M. Vogel presents in conversation with Charles the Bold.

Joan of Arc is, of course, not forgotten, and it is worthy of remark that the two pictures inspired by her are honorable for their authors. On a panel more long than wide and in a style and coloration which have some relation to those of M. Abbey, whose *Daughters of King Lear* we have already noticed in the other Salon, M. Frank Craig shows the *Fair Maid,* banner unfurled and charging at the head of her knights. Joan of Arc, inspired, heroic, dressed in white, is of slender form, and her light hair — like that of some young angel — floats in the wind. The fair archangel St. Michael seems to have become incarnate in her. I do not fancy that the good maid from Lorraine was so elegantly apparelled when she went to battle. Still, in his fine *Life of Joan of Arc,* M. Anatole France tells us that she probably wore a pilch or tabard made of cloth of gold, silk and silver, over the somewhat ordinary suit of armor that Charles VII. had had made for her at Tours for the price of a hundred livres tournois.

We know, too, that it was at the age of thirteen that Joan

J. BAIL.

The Evening Meal.

SALON OF 1908.

M. BASCHET.

Henri Rochefort.

SALON OF 1908.

L. BONNAT.

Portrait of Madame J. M...

SALON OF 1908.

A. Bonnat
1908

heard the voices for the first time. She was already a sturdy shepherdess, helping her parents in the work of the farm. Now, in M. Bussière's picture, *The Elect,* we see *Sir* St. Michael, *Lady* St. Margaret and *Lady* St. Catherine appealing to quite a little girl. To such criticisms MM. Frank Craig and Bussière may reply that they are artists and not archæologists, and that they are content when they have succeeded, the one in touching our feelings and the other in casting an agreeable glow round the heroic legend, and proving the solid technical qualities which distinguish the pupils of the Royal Academy.

M. Tattegrain's *Hunt in a warren* is a scene from history if you like, or a landscape if you prefer it so. This composition is inspired by this passage in the *Gazette de France :* "May 27th, 1657, — the King partook of the pastime of the chase on the downs near the coast at Bergt." This "piece of news" has, above all, provided a chance of once more interpreting the character of a region which the artist loves and of which the gloomy aspect is far more imposing than the little men in costume, either actors or spectators of the comic incidents with which he has animated his canvas.

Artists are certain to interest visitors and even to touch the Government's purse, so tightly closed, when they give life to incidents of the Revolution and of the First Empire. It is natural enough, for most of these episodes have still a direct and profound effect on our destinies. The public, on entering the Salon, is arrested and held in astonishment before an immense conception, cut into three portions,—why, one can hardly say, since the action is unique : *Le Chant du Départ.* The work is signed Édouard Detaille. After Michelet, after Erckmann-Chatrian, M. Detaille has felt the ambition of evoking the heroism of the soldiers of the year II. All are there, wild volunteers, little drummer-boys, young fanatical officers who, two years before, were philosophizing in the *salons* and are now vowed to Victory or Death. In the foreground, the

cannon-mouths spit forth their grape-shot. The guardian-angel of the Fatherland, astride a winged horse, towers above the heroic crowd.

We must not leave this epoch of heroic enthusiasm without stopping before the *Surrender of Mayence.* M. A. Lalauze shows us a handful of heroes, led by Merlin de Thionville, marching out of the city of the Rhine with the honors of war, July 24th, 1793. "They were," says Gœthe, "little and black, and dressed in many-colored rags."

That was not the only day of trial that such heroes encountered. By sea, there was the death struggle of the *Vengeur,* there was Trafalgar and many a fight in which French courage proved its mettle. With the sense of picturesque which is habitual to him and with his skilful execution, M. Fouqueray recalls, for instance, the undaunted determination of Admiral Leissegues, who, defeated during the naval war of 1806 by the squadron of Sir John Duckworth, reduced his vessels to perfect wrecks. By land, we have the *Passage of the Bérésina*,—its horror is recounted by M. Hoynck Van Papendrecht; and, then, there are the great defeats of 1814-15. Twenty years of glory disappear and, with them, the dear evidence of past victories. Thus M. Henri Jacquier shows us a sad night scene in March 1814; a group of veterans round a bonfire lighted at the orders of Marshal Sérurier in the principal court of the Hôtel des Invalides. With what is this *Glorious bonfire* fed? With the trophies won at Denain, at Fontenoy, at Jemmapes, at Fleurus, at Arcole, at Aboukir, at Marengo, at Austerlitz, at Wagram, which Marshal Sérurier wishes to save from the hands of the victorious allies. All these relics are consigned to the flames : fourteen hundred and seventeen flags and standards and even the sword and decorations of Frederick the Great.

Yet the picture of those triumphant years was not without shade. The Revolution, composed of enthusiasm and heroism, did not pass entirely free from stain. M. Maxime Faivre shows us the corpse of Madame de Lamballe insulted by the populace

E. BORDES.

Portrait of Mademoiselle M. de S..

SALON OF 1908

P. CHABAS.

On the River.

SALON OF 1908.

G. CLAIRIN.

Allah! Allah!

SALON OF 1908.

during the massacres of September. "Hardly was she dead," recounts Michelet, "than the bystanders, urged by a shameful curiosity which was, perhaps, the principal cause of her death, rushed forward pell-mell to see her. They tore off all her clothes, her dress, her chemise; and, naked as God made her, she was stuck up on the edge of a mile-stone." Happily, M. Faivre, who is not wildly realistic as an artist, has known how to observe discretion.

Were not M. Henri Martin and Mademoiselle C. H. Dufau represented at the Exhibition of French Artists, there would be little to say here about decorative painting. It is not that it is rare, but those who have essayed it are either clumsy or imbued with prejudice. They cannot make up their minds to subordinate detail to general effect, local value to general aspect.

Such is M. Enders, who, last year, had happier inspirations; others, again, M. Carré for example, paint on a large canvas which might have offered a more concentrated interest had it been reduced in size. Lastly, the ancient Ehrmann finds a rival in M. Tapissier, a name fore-ordained for an artist who works especially for the Manufactory of the Gobelins.

But we have M. Henri Martin. In a vast panel, *Study,* destined for the Sorbonne, he groups in a clear southern landscape, beneath frail olive trees with fantastic trunks, young men and well-loved masters. The largest group surrounds M. Anatole France, who gently lets fall words in gentle cadence. What he is saying is very charming, for his audience is listening with the greatest attention. Amongst them may be recognized the artist Henri Martin himself, his friend Bellery-Desfontaines, and Pelletan, the enthusiastic publisher. The work is beautiful and bright, executed, as usual with this painter, by means of juxtaposed touches of pigment. Still, one would have been glad to see the figures more firmly accentuated; they have, at present, the same value as the landscape, in which their mass is, consequently, lost.

For the Governor's Room at the same Sorbonne, Mademoiselle C. H. Dufau has been entrusted with the execution of two panels, consecrated, the one to the abstract sciences : *Astronomy-Mathematics;* the other, to those mysterious forms : *Radioactivity — Magnetism.* And, as if that were not already enough, these titles have been aggravated by the additions : "The equal exchange of opposing forces creates equilibrium and infinite rhythm." — "Radiating forces unite ponderable matter with that which is imponderable for the creation of eternal activity." Like some new Catherine of Alexandria, Mademoiselle Dufau has resolved the question by giving form — exquisite form and color — finely shaded, to the axioms of the savants. Under skies bright with stars and laden with nebulæ, noble beings unite in love; vapors that the solar heat calls forth take form and change into glorious anthropomorphous shapes. And before this spectacle the lines of great Théo in *Secret Affinities* come back to one's memory :

> Tempted by the form or hue,
> By the charm of sense or view,
> Atom towards atom flies
> As the bees the flowers pursue.

Musicians, trained amateurs, and even those who are only sensible to sweet sounds have, since many a long year now, shown an almost religious admiration for Beethoven. That great master has so many ways of striking our senses! But at present this admiration is becoming absolute madness; it affects sculptors, painters, writers, and they all, according to their fashion and talent, consecrate works in marble, painting, verse or prose, to the glory of the most perfect musical genius there is.

That learned and thoughtful artist, Jean-Paul Laurens, desires in his turn to offer to Beethoven a mark of admiration — *Music.* The statue of the musician stands, colossal, in the middle of an orchestra, against a background which shows us a crowd of enthusiasts or dreamers; towards heaven floats, amidst waves of infinite

A.-P. DAWANT.

Portrait of M. H. S...

SALON OF 1908.

W. DIDIER-POUGET

Morning: Heath in bloom, Auvergne

SALON OF 1908

Mlle C.-H. DUFAU.

Astronomy. — Mathematics

SALON OF 1908.

light, the shining vision of the heroes created by his genius. The effort is imposing, but in spite of the dimensions of the composition and the talent expended on it, the picture will hold but small place in the work of M. Jean-Paul Laurens. How much more attractive he is in *The Tyrants,* a small canvas beside the other. The scenery is Byzantine, the archæology very exact; two little children hold in their delicate hands the golden orb and the mighty sword, attribute of the power of emperors. And presently will come the crowds to bow before them whilst the barbarians look on, conscious of the weakness of these baby "tyrants."

The execution of M. Tanner's picture, *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins,* shows fine inspiration. With their flowing robes and their attitudes, affected or modest, but always elegant, they are, all of them, charming. But why leave this fine work in such a sketchy state? A sketch, too, is the canvas of M. Ch. Sims, *Fête on the Island;* it is dashed off like some fancy of Tiepolo's. M. Csok, who sent last year a curious picture, *The Vampires,* is still interesting with his composition entitled *Nirvana.*

M. Tadé Styka, with his skilful touch, recounts the beautiful legend of *Orpheus charming the wild beasts.*

Of M. Paul-Albert Laurens we have a large composition, *Spring,* which brings together, in an idealized scene, happy groups composed of beautiful beings in a state of nature. He sends also a little picture, delicate in color, *Pierrot jealous;* it is like a design for a panel decoration and seems inspired by the *Fêtes galantes,* of Paul Verlaine :

Harlequin, that sly dog, see!
Pirouettes four times in glee;
He's just formed a great design —
To carry off sweet Columbine!

Columbine with rapture hears
Voices speaking in the breeze,
In her heart replying; these
Tell of joy and those of fears.

In a composition full of light and shade, M. Gorguet shows

some frogs jumping around a very dignified heron, who is snapping them up : *The Frogs who wanted a King,* explains the catalogue.

As may be judged from the important picture entitled *The Arts conquered by Science,* M. Zwiller has a tender veneration for the memory of his countryman Henner. The same style, the same scenery, the same tonality — less fine, however, than in the case of the deceased master. But this once stated, we may ask if it is right for an artist to make such a gesture of despair, to show us the Vénus de Milo despised, art defiled and the ether, that fair blue heaven dear to Henner, furrowed by an air-ship. Art is immortal : it has on its side Time, which does justice on all that is ugly.

Here we must notice a triptych destined to decorate the Sanatorium at Zuydecoote, and in which M. Chigot has expressed simply, and all the more forcibly, by three bright scenes, the beauty of such foundations. The work is entitled : *Return to life by the sea and the country.* On the left, a mother leads her sickly child to the doctor of the Sanatorium ; in the middle we look on at the sports of the young invalids, who are brought back to life by their happy games on the beach odorous with sea air ; finally, on the right, the children have recovered strength and vigor, and come and go in a lovely garden, where all are busy watering flowers and vegetables.

THE NUDE.

MM. Martens, Many Benner, Mercié, Maurice Chabas, Lety, Prat, Bergès, Gervais, Seignac, Rochegrosse, Matignon.

The nude is, of course, largely represented at the Society of French Artists. But it is a certain kind of nude : academic, conventional, coldly elegant. The play of light, the subtlety of reflection and the relations of tones are exercises which are in small consideration here.

M. FAIVRE.

Death of Madame de Lamballe.

SALON OF 1908.

J. GEOFFROY.

The Little Ones' Christmas at the Milk Society at Belleville.

SALON OF 1908.

Copyright, 1908, by J. Geoffroy.

A.-M. GORTER.

Autumn.

SALON OF 1908.

Still, such researches are not completely absent. With the title *Idleness,* M. E. Martens shows us a handsome girl stretching herself in the sun, and M. Many Benner exhibits a *Rosalind* uncovering her naked beauty before Albert. The skilful touch of M. Antonin Mercié presents a *Nymph asleep,* while M. Maurice Chabas furnishes a summer landscape with elegant nude figures. But we have something more modern than that. In a landscape full of golden light, M. H. Lety shows us *Polyphemus* drawing the most exquisite sounds from his pipes in the hope of touching Galatea, who, accompanied by other nymphs, disports herself in the bath. M. Loys Prat gives the title *Bucolic* to a scene whose priapism is attenuated by some attempts at light and shade. The light gives a pearly tint to the white bodies of some nymphs who, each astride a goat, rush against mocking terminal figures, whilst delighted fauns modulate on their oaten flutes airs appropriate to the occasion.

Amidst silks, satins and lace outspread, M. Georges Bergès shows a handsome creature extended on a divan, a kind of *bourgeoise* Olympia. She is Conchita, the dancer.

Around a *Fountain of Youth*, M. Gervais groups conventional nudes in a landscape which is by no means convincing. M. Adolphe La Lyre shows us the bodies of sirens who disport themselves in limpid water. The irreverent will be inclined to say : "A twopenny bath on Olympus."

Bouguereau is dead, long live Bouguereau ! or, rather, long live M. Seignac ! For in the works of the disciple live once more the subjects dear to the dead artist, with his mellowness and perfection of execution. See *The Wave* this year. A delicate creature, blond of course, her body with its somewhat flat haunches voluptuously caressed by the water.

MM. G. Lorain and J. A. M. Bonnier give us *Suzanna in the bath;* from the story of Psyche, M. Ziers draws *The Rival,* pretext for a study of the nude.

M. Rochegrosse leads us to Africa, at the time of Alexandria and Carthage's glory and shows some handsome disdainful *Courtesans* exhibiting their nudity adorned to the admiration of the men.

There are some half-nudes by Mademoiselle Adda-Cabane and by M. Guinier — *Nymph and Echo;* by M. Matignon, who shows, extended in a warm landscape, the dainty elegance of a very graceful woman.

PORTRAITS.

MM. Bonnat, Baschet, Dawant, Bordes, Paul Chabas, Laszlo, Lynch, A.-H. Brown, Avigdor, Grün, Hébert, G. Patricot, Miller, Mlles Abbema et Gueydan, MM. E. Laurent et H. Martin.

At the French Artists', it is perhaps among the portraits that there are the most works of merit. Their exhibition still counts a number of excellent craftsmen, skilful in their drawing and touch and with a sufficient knowledge of physiognomy. M. Bonnat exhibits, as usual, two very conscientious portraits : that of M. Guestier, who is entirely revealed in this work, full of observation, and that of Madame J. M..., which pleases the crowd by certain points, somewhat deceptive. The portrait of M. Henri Rochefort, by M. Marcel Baschet, is expressive, natural, and carried out with care. The same artist sends a characteristic image of M. Lavedan, in pastel. Is it possible not to be seduced by the portrait of M. H. S..., by M. Dawant? The gentleman is just setting out to some party. Evening-dress, cloak, stick, gloves in the hand, hat; on the shirt-front the wide bow of the tie gives a dark spot. These details of dress are skilfully indicated with large touches, so as to concentrate all the interest on the face, a countenance of strong anglo-saxon type, distinguished and energetic. We must praise, too, the drawing of the hands.

M. Ernest Bordes also is a portraitist of quite the first rank,

J. GRUN.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Renée Maupin

SALON OF 1908

Mlle MARIE GUEYDAN.

Portrait of the Artist.

SALON OF 1908.

H. HARPIGNIES.

Banks of the Roya, near Vintimiglia.

Property of MM. Arnold & Tripp.

SALON OF 1908.

whether he essays the portrait of a woman or that of a man. That of Abraham Dreyfus is full of life, and, on the other hand, what a peaceful vision is that of Mademoiselle M. de S..., a delicate blond, against whose black costume a scarf of blue turquoise stands out. Distinction, harmony of shades, breadth of touch, precision of drawing are all united in this portrait, which will count amongst the best executed by M. Bordes.

Another fine female portrait is signed Paul Chabas. Madame L. S... is young and blond, and her sloping bodice reveals the delicacy of a fair neck and fine skin. With a broad and vigorous touch, M. Laszlo fixes the aristocratic features of Princess Louise of Battenberg. The haughty and noble face is surmounted by one of those imposing plumed hats which frame so well the countenances of the ladies of the day. The graceful Baroness H..., however, whom M. Albert Lynch shows us in evening toilette, has judged such finery unnecessary; it would have masked the pure oval of her face and rendered her sparkling eyes and charming smile less seductive.

Admire the pensive features of Mrs. Arthur Dugdale by M. A. H. Brown, and the grace of the young girl whom M. A. J. Avigdor has portrayed, drawing his inspiration, one would say, from Chaplain. The easy and brilliant talent of M. Grün declares itself in the very lively presentation of Mademoiselle Renée Maupin.

With the sense of female beauty peculiar to him, Hébert presents Baroness L. L... and Princess H. de P... Then there are portraits of Baroness d'O... and of Mademoiselle Jane Hatto, by F. Humbert, happy professor of the charming young ladies whom Mademoiselle Rondenay has grouped round a model of doubtful drawing.

A charming vision of Mademoiselle J. C..., *At Dawn,* fixed in that white tone which M. Jean Patricot loves. Fine portraits of Madame A. N... and of Mademoiselle D. B..., by F. Cormon, and of Madame J..., by Léandre. Other portraits of ladies are signed Brouillet, Ferrier and Debat-Ponsan.

In his *Portrait of the Lascroux children,* M. Miller has given us a healthy, strong work, attractive by the joy and high spirits it spreads round it. No quality is wanting : the expression is truthful, it is presented with ease, it is full of life, the touch is bold and full, and the brush leaves brightness wherever it passes.

Playing with white and russet tones, M. Ed. S. Simson executes a delicious portrait of a girl. Other successful portraits are signed Harris Brown, Lawrence Koe, and Lucretia Spielmann. In a Louis XV. setting, Mademoiselle Louise Abbema shows us the pleasant face and handsome shoulders of Madame Wisler. How many women must envy the talent of Mademoiselle Marie Gueydan, talent which has enabled her to give a sumptuous and seductive representation of herself. The portrait of Madame J. B. H..., by Mademoiselle de Lisle, is graceful.

Turning to the male physiognomies, let us note, first of all, some well-known figures : the sculptor Just Becquet, by Giacometti ; E. Lautier, of the *Temps,* by M. Selmy; Péguy, by J. Pierre Laurens ; Henry Maret, by Madame Mitterand-Aubazat ; the artist Louis Tinayre, by M. Mayer; then there is M. D..., by M. V. Tardieu ; M. Schneider, by himself ; M. H. B..., by M. H. Roger; a fine portrait of the *Right Honorable Viscount Knutsford,* by Arthur S. Cope ; and, lastly, M. Jean Périer, of the Opéra-Comique, in the rôle of Captain Bernard, by M. Farré.

We must also notice the portrait of a boy, by M. Louis Cabanes, who gave us last year a characteristic Georges Berry.

A *Group of Friends,* by M. Déchenaud, is interesting and attractive. M. Guétin presents some familiar faces, and Mademoiselle Jeanne Maillard assembles in a corner her father, the old artist D. U. N. Maillard,—who sends this year a portrait and *The Shepherd's Star* — her mother and herself.

M. Ernest Laurent has a distinction, a sense of grace and some particularities of technique which contrasts strangely with the majority of the exhibits. The portrait of Madame R..., dressed

J. HOYNCK VAN PAPENDRECHT.

The Passage of the Beresina (1812).

SALON OF 1908.

H. HUGHES-STANTON.

Camiers (Pas-de-Calais).

Etching engraved by G. Garen.

SALON OF 1908

Hughes Stanton

H. JACQUIER.

A Glorious bonfire (30th March 1814).

SALON OF 1908.

in blue and placed amidst artistic objects and familiar nick-nacks of perfect taste, is infinitely charming. Closely related in style of expression is the Madame V... in pink, of M. Henri Martin.

HOME-LIFE. — SOCIETY. — MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. SOCIAL LIFE. — GENRE PAINTING. — MILITARY PICTURES.

MM. Joseph Bail, W. Mac Ewen, Susan Watkins, Hubbel, Tony Robert-Fleury, Jules Lefebvre, Avy, Rousseau-Decelle, Etcheverry, A. Maignan, Charles Michel, Hirschfeld, Du Gardier, Maurice Chabas, R. Miller, J. Adler, Jamois, Jean Geoffroy, Pascau, M. Leloir, Scott, Robiquet.

In a gentle, comfortable, provincial setting, where old objects occupy their fixed places, M. Joseph Bail brings together at *The Evening Meal,* the young women in white cap and wimple, whose costume is one of the charms of his pictures. M. Bail finds his models in Flanders; M. Walter Mac Ewen, who combines a very modern sensibility with a technique worthy of the fine painters of other days, seeks his in Holland. In a room, made gay by a pot of geraniums placed on the sill of the window and by the flowers, half-seen, in a neighboring garden, three young seamstresses are assembled. Whilst the youngest prepares some refreshment, the two eldest talk of a letter which one of them holds in her hand. How well the tiny letter justifies the title, *Confidences;* how well we feel that those bright eyes are examining it, that those little wills are trying to pierce through the written characters to the mind of the writer! A moment of agitation and delight.

Prints, by Mademoiselle Susan Watkins, is also a highly successful painting. In a drawing-room, adorned with things of other days, a young lady is looking at engravings which she draws, one by one, from an old inlaid chest-of-drawers, with

chased copper handles. Moreover, the homes which collect the flotsam and jetsam of the past, which bear the mark of the "grace of faded things," as Stéphane Mallarmé has so exquisitely expressed it, are in favor with artists. Some give a charming expression to their impressions. M. Pierre Calmette leads us into the house of Madame de C..., where the taste and spirit of the eighteenth century are perpetuated. How delighful it is in the Library, with its white wainscot, its books, its table and its old arm-chairs. If Voltaire could come back to life, he would desire nothing better than to think and write in this quite corner, where the noise of the great avenues, leading to the Bois near at hand, dies away. M. Montassier has turned to good account an old drawing-room of the Hôtel Carnavalet. Charming, too, is this table covered with porcelain and lace, which bears in one corner the signature of M. Bergeret.

A *Girl Reading,* by M. Watson, a young lady clad in a white flowery robe, by Mademoiselle Lucretia Spielmann, and the graceful little people whose charm à la Pompadour is fixed by Madame Greene Blumenstein, are all pretexts for adroit contrasts of light and shade. M. Hubbel has thought somewhat too much of Whistler in painting his woman in white teasing a kitten. A little figure by M. Tony Robert-Fleury, *Work interrupted,* has a natural attractiveness which is somewhat wanting in the face of a peevish-looking woman dressed in black and which he calls : *During the Revolution.*

Like M. Tony Robert-Fleury, M. Jules Lefebvre seems to have definitely abandoned the large compositions which won for him medals, success, and a seat at the Institute. He is contented now to execute little sentimental pictures, half-portraits, half-genre subjects, like *Forsaken* and *Lisa.* But from want of genuine cases of despair, he is obliged to have recourse to models, — pretty, no doubt, — who simulate sadness and then laugh loud and cynically in other studios.

Mme CECIL JAY.

A family in the Netherlands.

SALON OF 1908.

A. KNIGHT.

Niagara. — The Canadian falls.

SALON OF 1908.

RIDGWAY KNIGHT.

The Washerwomen.

SALON OF 1908.

How many artists have a superstitious regard for "the subject!" Beyond the specious glamour of a certain scene, they see no possible salvation. Because MM. Ch. Hoffbauer, Etcheverry, and a few more have had a certain success in their incursions into the fashionable world, their rivals think that no success is possible in other directions. Some of them undoubtedly have talent. M. Avy, for example, produces a certain effect with his *Entr'acte,* which shows us a "big-type" actress wearied by the effort she has accomplished and receiving the homage of her admirers, stout old gentlemen or young fops whom we see reflected in a glass. But I infinitely prefer *The Mirror,* by the same artist, a little picture of delicate touch and full of *nuances,* which exposes with precision the charming movement of a young woman, seen from behind, in the act of fastening on her hat. Praise must be given, too, to the *Ring at Auteuil,* invaded by an elegant throng, by M. Rousseau-Decelle, and perhaps to *A Matinée at the Ambassadors',* by M. Lefort. But a *Summer Evening,* by M. Louis Desbois, and another *Evening,* a reunion of society women, painted by M. Cancaret, formerly better advised, — these we have seen before. There are better examples, too, of M. Jonas than his *Entry into Society* and *Boudoir.*

What is really amusing is that the initiators of the movement are taking a rest; M. Hoffbauer sends what may be called a visiting-card — *An Arab Juggler* — sketch dashed off in the midst of a voyage; and M. Etcheverry some *Spanish Peasants,* caught in some market-corner, an excellent work and, perhaps, superior to all he has painted up till now.

The most graceful, the most sought-after among women must occasionally pay their tribute to melancholy! Thus M. Léonce de Joncières has had the luck to surprise, one autumn day, in a deserted nook in a park, the day-dreams of a charming and delightful little woman.

M. Richard Miller saunters along the boulevards and assembles

round one of those sellers of wonderful mechanical toys, the ingenuity of which delights both big and little people, a group of rich and poor, their interest given equally to the toys and the patter of the street-hawker.

M. Albert Maignan poses together three elegant women on the grass, beneath the shade of a great cedar; sure touch, well-balanced tone and close drawing bear witness to the skill of an artist whose activity extends to all subjects. M. V. Ménard's *Meditation* and M. Charles Michel's *Terrace by the Lake* are very agreeable pieces of painting. The last-named picture, in an affected style à la Alma-Tadema, presents a young lady, her body surrounded by floating rainbow-colored silks, leaning on a balustrade which looks down on a lake, with tiny houses seen through a screen of trees; beyond, mountains. The English master is not represented, but Madame Laura Theresa Alma-Tadema has sent *The Chastisement,* and her daughter, Miss Anna, has entitled a delicate work, *Through Clouds. The Confession* bears witness to the artistic qualities of M. Hirschfeld : night is falling, moonlight gently soothes things animate and inanimate. And in the half-light, near the table where a light repast has been served, a young woman confides... what? Her hope? her suffering? her fault?... to a very old friend, a nun dressed in white. The work is serene, gentle and touching. With his usual skill, M. Adan shows us, in a garden-walk that great trees, turning yellow, shade, and which is carpetted with dead leaves, the dark figure of a little lady : *The End of the Season.*

M. Du Gardier is a good artist, distinguished and dexterous. The young lady, who, wrapped in a white peignoir, comes shivering from her bath in the blue water, is delicious; she lives and breathes. Curious title, that given by Madame Mac Lane-Johansen : *On the top of the hill.* Neither panorama, landscape, nor verdure is to be seen. We are, if you please, in a mist, and all we see is three little children blowing soap-bubbles. But how fine

A. LALAUZE.

Mayence (24th July 1793).

SALON OF 1908.

J. P. LAURENS.

Music.

SALON OF 1908.

is the quality of the coloring! Light and shade are delicately noted in the infinite rainbow-colored bubbles glittering in the grey atmosphere. How broad is the touch and how solid the drawing!

The spectacle offered by M. Maurice Chabas in his canvas: *On the river,* is delightful. Without fearing to spoil their complexions, full of pride in their freak, three graceful young girls are rowing with glee 'neath a burning sun, whose rays, reverberated by the water, mottle their skin and light up their hair.

M. Jules Adler is one of those rare artists who fulfil all their early promises. Each year marks a new stage of progress, the drawing is firmer and the color sober and correct. Witness the solid figure of his *Navvy* in profile on the high road, and, better still, *The Errand Girl,* a work complete and exempt from all mannerism, which fixes the character of a corner of Paris: la place de la République. With her blue dress and red shawl, handbox on arm, alert amidst the crowd, the little apprentice passes lightly amongst the *chassé-croisé* of the tram-cars, omnibuses and carriages, heedless of the stupid compliments and of the glances of young coxcombs.

Manual labour, that hard work which makes hands horny, lengthens men's faces and spoils women's figures, is recounted in every fashion. In a robust triptych, entitled *The Fumes,* M. Paul Antin frames a black town, Liège, by two figures shown in profile against a horizon of mines and blast-furnaces: here is a miner symbolizing Charleroi, there a woman pit-hand stands for Mons. M. P. H. Gibbs glorifies civilization by bringing together in a country scene workers from the town, who are putting up a house, and toilers from the country ploughing the earth and cultivating the vine. Ah! how much happier are the latter. The clear sun, and bright, healthy air prevent them knowing the hideousness of alcoholism, which inspires M. Mac Cameron with a striking picture: three drinkers — wan, bloodless and greenish-grey in color, are sitting before three glasses of absinthe.

But there is something worse than alcoholism, — there is Misery. With her the suffering knows no truce, no hope. And that is why such an institution as the Free Breakfast seems so bountiful to the indigent. In the fog and the mist, they think of the possibility of a comforting plate of warm soup, which, if it does not reawaken life, gives at least a little warmth to the heart and so life to the individual. And it is, I imagine, from a sympathetic halt before the door of some free soup-kitchen, that M. Pierre has taken the idea of grouping in a telling picture, whose drawing is so firm that it seems engraved in the solid color, a crowd of miserable people assembled at the door of a shed where the food is cooking, perfuming the cold atmosphere with an odor which gives even the faintest the strength to wait.

The Door of the Hospital and especially *The Funeral,* in which a black hearse passes with its following of poor mourners over a black bridge spanning a river with sombre waters, which flows between two lines of Flemish houses, confirm the good opinion already formed of M. Jamois' talent.

Before he went to Rome, M. Sabatté painted church interiors or gave animation to the porch of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois by some discreet scene. His tone was gentle and impressive. His stay at Rome has wrought a great change. The painter of the inward life has become an artist of no fixed intention, who gives to a Christ on the Cross, massive and vulgar, the diplomatic title, *Death of the First Socialist.* Beside this picture, is a far-away echo of former work, a *Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois,* but it must take second place after the old Breton church, whose intimate tranquillity M. Charles Rivière has so well penetrated.

There are at Paris poor children, dearly loved sometimes, whose parents are forced to entrust them during worktime to the care of some *crèche.* In the mother's absence, the children are looked after and cared for, and at certain festivals in the year gentle souls, women who have not known the joys of motherhood or young

M. LELOIR.

The Ballad Singer.

(Water-color).

SALON OF 1908.

A. LYNCH.

Portrait of baroness H...

SALON OF 1908.

ladies who learn early in life the pleasure of being kind, excite the smiles of these little ones by distributing amongst them toys and dainties. That keen student of child-life, M. Jean Geoffroy, depicts the happiness of the tiny dots on the occasion of a fête organised at the dispensary of the Milk Society at Belleville on Christmas Day. A good picture, true to life and free from affectation and the desire to tell a story, by an artist who has already several paintings in the same line to his credit.

Like the horsewoman — *A Ride* — of M. Grau, the *Lunch on the Grass,* of M. Gourdault, has qualities of lighting. But why is there in both pictures a brutality of execution which is fitting neither to the size of the canvases nor to the subject, and which gives no reinforcement of strength to the work since it is never completely mastered by those who employ it?

M. Eugène Pascau shows a picture in which the touch is somewhat evenly distributed, but which has character : *Priests officiating.*

Future historians will, thanks to the orders given by the Ministry of Fine Arts and thanks, too, to the zeal of the young artists who are compatriots of M. Fallières, be fully documented as to the travels of the President of the Republic.

For M. Calbet, amiable illustrator of so many graceful and frivolous little books, has been reserved a commission for a large painting representing *M. Fallières laying the first stone of the theatre at Agen.* M. Calbet has talent and has done his best, but his admirers will prefer him in the little love stories from antiquity which he draws so skilfully. To M. Dabadie has fallen the honor of recalling the vigorous vocal sonority, with which the inhabitants of Mézin greeted their compatriot *Fallières* on October 3rd, 1906.

Lastly, M. Guillonnet reconstitutes the pleasing spectacle of a *Garden-party offered to the President of the Republic by the County Council of Lot-et-Garonne* at Agen, 1906. There is as much joy and excitement here as at Mézin, but less noise, and there is more charm, owing to the distinction of the toilettes and the finish of light and

shade to which M. Guillonnet has evidently given much attention.

M. Maurice Leloir, the indefatigable illustrator of books, has found time to execute a large water-color of high finish and full of humor : *The Ballad Singer*. The scene is of the time of Louis XV., in a corner of old Paris. The ballad-singer is chanting one of his best pieces, at the same time pointing out to his audience a corresponding scene painted on a board fastened to the wall. Perched on a mile-stone, a buxom lass accompanies him on a fiddle at whose sharp, scrapy notes all the idlers of the neighborhood come running up : citizens, workmen, servants, urchins, and apprentices. A seller of rat-traps stops and listens with gaping mouth; thus he will find strength to cry louder than ever : "A Rat! a Rat!" but without the tragic irony of Hamlet.

Near the *Ballad Singer* is an excellent water-color by M. P. A. Hay, *The Springtime of life,* and a fine drawing by Mademoiselle Delorme : *The Sabot-makers of Saint-Paul-de-Léon.*

Soldiers have always been honored by the Society of French Artists. M. Berne-Bellecour gives us a *Meeting on the Road;* M. Orange, a peaceful struggle : *The Tug-of-war* between French and English sailors. MM. Arus and Petit-Gérard have like subjects. But above these, infinitely above, we must place two vigorous, firm and precise notations by M. Georges Scott : *Quarrel between Hussars* and *Dragoons of the Grande Armée.* M. Robiquet's *Calm Morning* unfortunately recalls too strongly his *Battlefield,* which won a merited success a few years ago.

FIELD-LIFE. — LANDSCAPES. — SEASCAPES.

MM. Ridgway-Knight, Maillaud, Morlot, Didier-Pouget, Harpignies, Pointelin, Guillemet, A.-M. Gorter, Hughes Stanton, Biva, Quost, Moteley, H. Royer, Désiré-Lucas.

Field-life has provided inspiration for many a brush. But many

W. MAC-EWEN.

Confidences.

SALON OF 1908.

A. MAIGNAN.

Under the Cedar.

SALON OF 1908.

ALBERT MAIGNAN
LA S'PÉLOCHOUE 1909

artists recoil before the difficulties of realism, the example of M. Jules Breton having shown them that one can gain both renown and fortune by presenting pretty peasant-scenes amid graceful landscapes. MM. Julien Dupré and Laugée are now the big guns in this line. M. Ridgway-Knight is closely related to them; his pretty *Washerwomen* charm more than one visitor. M. E. Labitte is rather more daring and seems, thanks to his surroundings, a terrible realist. For he is bold enough to show us, in *The Kiss,* a strong country lad helping himself to a hearty kiss from the lips of a sturdy lassy. Let us follow the countryman to town. Here is *The Sunday-Market at Issoudun,* and M. Maillard employs his delicate talent in opposing the blue blouses of the sons of the fields to the vivid neckerchiefs of their women and the finery of the smart ladies of the county-town. *The Sheep-Market at Avranches*, by M. Le Vavasseur, is full of close observation.

A small room has been reserved for M. Morlot. He is a good landscape-painter, who had the benefits of Corot's advice, — some time ago, of course, — and he has had time enough to forget it. We must give special praise to his water-colors, in which there still remains a character and vigor which is sometimes lacking in his latest oils. Amongst these water-colors, our preference is given to *Winter, Moonrise at Bourbonne-les-Bains, View of Montarlot* (No. 53), a delicately shaded composition, and especially *Bathing,* a complete and characteristic work, which brings together, in a glorious landscape full of mysterious nooks, some women bathing, their delicate note of color harmonizing well with the surroundings.

Amongst the sketches, there is *Women washing,* full of life and vigor.

For many visitors, one of the attractions of the Exhibition of French Artists is to know beforehand what so-and-so is showing — for there are artists whose *motif* and style change but little. The public, seeing the canvas from a distance, gives the name to

its author, and has, thus, the illusion of being a connoisseur. For instance, in M. Didier-Pouget's pictures, what specially pleases is not the skilful touch, the correctness of vision, the skill with which the artist imparts distance to his painting. No! all eyes are turned on the heaths of the fore-ground. M. Didier-Pouget's admirers will not be disappointed this year. For, with his usual perfection, he offers the *Heath in Bloom,* which they expected, and *Evening,* a landscape in Limousin, where over an expanse of violet heath hangs a heavy mass of cloud of a fiery color. Rigolot, too, has his following, which admires an *Autumn Evening* and a *Sun rising in the mist,* where the exceptional ability of the artist is not at fault. And, of course, we all expected to see a *Pool,* by M. Tanzi, and a bit of garden by M. René Fath, where ivy and honey-suckle are rendered with infinite art and which is entitled *The Happy Home.*

Let us stop for a moment before the two exhibits of M. Harpignies, the last survivor, except Ziem, of a generation of great landscape-painters. Here is a strong man, neither hand nor eye show the fatigue of time; for proof, see the *Neighborhood of Bonny-sur-Loire* and the *Banks of the Royat, near Vintimiglia.*

We note two delicate impressions by Pointelin, an artist inimitable in his kind, dealing in simple notations : *View over the plain, Morn in the Meads.* The poetry of that tree, with the little pond, is infinite. There are still painters of scenery who seek to touch otherwise than by the simple objective impression, an *élite* which seeks for season, month and hour. Such are M. Jourdan, who sheds o'er a landscape of grave beauty the light of a *Full Moon rising,* and M. Foreau, who, in his *Towards evening,* holds our attention by the spectacle of a sad scene of flood, amidst which great leafless elms rise.

Praise must be given, too, to *A March Sun in Brittany,* by M. Jean Remond, a well-executed picture, adorned by golden light which gives value to a well-arranged landscape. As gran-

E. MARTENS.

Indolence.

SALON OF 1908.

E. CLARKE'S

H. MARTIN

Study.

Decorative panel for the Sesame.

SALON OF 1908

diose and rough as some corner of Sologna is M. Arnold M. Gorter's *Autumn*. The *Dunes of Camiers,* painted by M. Hughes Stanton, are extremely striking, the immense heaps of sand covered here and there with a sombre vegetation and discovering afar the blue line of some little bay. M. Félix Boucher remains loyal to Freneuse, and rightly, for that beautiful country adds much to the success of his pictures. M. Guillemet's *Evening* is lit by the last rays of a red sun — a wolfish light.

M. J.-A. Tranchant exhibits a little panel about twelve inches long and six wide. It is a panorama of the *Environs of Paris,* in which the touch is fine and the tone infinitely delicate. Standing before this charming work, one thinks of Corot. Tiny though it is, it is hung on the second line; and yet it attracts one until one sees nothing else in this room, where pictures of several square yards are accumulated.

M. Biva gives us an harmonious vision, revealing the mirror of a pool seen through a screen of trees and creepers. There are fine landscapes by MM. Japy, Massé, Grosjean, Paul Lecomte, Depit, Cagniard, Cabié, Girard, etc. *The Banks of the Loire at Champtoceaux* bears witness to the delicate eye of M. Roubichou.

That veteran landscape-painter, M. Beauvais, sends two impressions of autumn : *Beneath the Apple-trees* and *Return from the meadows,* and M. Vayson, faithful to the odorous neighborhood of the smaller Alps, shows us a flock of sheep gathered round a shepherd-girl on a hill-top.

And since we are speaking of sheep, let us not forget to notice those depicted by M. Prevot-Valéri in his picture : *Return to the Hamlet*. They have won for him the Rosa-Bonheur prize.

There are *Cows,* by M. Barillot, by M. F. Planquette and by Mademoiselle Morstadt; there are *Mouflons,* by M. Rotig, and *Hallali,* by Maissen. A bright canvas, *Home after ploughing,* animated by three strong bullocks and their driver, is signed Capgras.

From M. Ernest Quost there is a delicious panel, *At the Park of Saint-Cloud,* in which is once more shown his subtle talent as a flower-painter. And that is not all; for the roses, geraniums and fuchsias are only the sweet-smelling foreground of a charming scene : a fountain and a lawn to which some figures give a note of animation; in the background, beyond a shady walk, immensity.

M. Fougerousse has not, it is true, sent any oils, but only some water-colors. They are, however, so beautiful and powerful and bear witness to such a knowledge of art, and such a poetical feeling for the beauty of night, of those radiant nights when sleeping villages are kissed by the moon which floods them with emerald light, that they should not pass without notice. His *Old Houses in moonlight* and his *Moonlight* are not to be forgotten. *Lemon-picking* at Mentone, by M. Laurent Gsell, has a frankness and sincerity which are seductive. It is, however, regrettable that the emphasis given to each tone destroys in some measure the general harmony. Impossible to speak of Provence without thinking of M. Gagliardini, who has sent a *Sunset Glow* and *Amongst the Fishers.*

The sea and the life of sea-going men inspire many artists. It is impossible to imagine how many *Deep Seas, Sailors' Departures, Sailors' Returns,* and *Sea-weed Burners* there are at the Salon! Whose is the responsibility? Must we assign it to the "quiet seaside spots" which attract painters and their families, or to M. Botrel and his songs; or must we say simply that it is the unconquerable attraction which the sea exercises on the artist's eye and mind? In any case, given the number of canvases marked by babyish or superficial sentimentalism, we may safely suppose that many of them have been executed to the rythm of the lay of the modern bard of Brittany. For here, as in his verses, there is not a sob, but a continual whimper.

If you wish for triptych, you have but to choose. There is *The Sea,* by M. G. J. Moteley; *Before the Great Sea,* by M. H. Royer; another, *Those that go down to the sea in ships,* by

A. MATIGNON.

Midsummer Dream.

SALON OF 1908.

R. MILLER.

The Lascroux children.

SALON OF 1908.

M. Collot; *A Drama of the Sea,* by M. de Hanzen; another, *Those who stay at home,* by... I forgot whom.

We will not quit Brittany without mentioning the *Women carrying seaweed,* by M. J. J. Roques; *Breton Scene,* by Madame Gonyn de Lurieux; *Anguish,* by M. Ravaut; *Coming back to Harbour,* by M. Ryder; *In the Jaws of Death,* by M. de Palezieux; *The Coast at Penmarch,* by M. A. Mercié; *Westward Ho!* by M. Williams; *The Evening of Absolution*, by M. Pascal; *Return from the Baptism,* by Madame Leuze-Hirschfeld; *The Bonfires of Saint John's Eve,* by M. Gueldry. And that is not all...

From amongst all these paintings inspired by the Breton country, we must class apart *The Absolution of Saint Cado,* by M. Désiré-Lucas. The mass of figures grouped in the foreground is somewhat wanting in force, perhaps, though it is a fine note of color, but the landscape in the background is warm, luminous, and boldly painted. We must distinguish, too, the *Procession of the Miraculous Virgin in Brittany,* by M. de Richemond. As the Virgin passes, the crowds assemble, carrying their sick and suffering. And so in M. de Richemond's picture the foreground is taken up by the figure of a sick woman lying on a bed-chair whilst, on either side, her relations pray to the Virgin, which, born on strong shoulders, passes by.

OUT OF FRANCE.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE. — ITALY. — SPAIN. — ALGERIA. MOROCCO.

MM. Aston Knight, W. L. Hankey, Hitchcock; Mme Cecil Jay, Mlle Desportes; MM. Saint-Germier, Allègre; Mlle Jennie Peterson; MM. Ossip-L. Linde, Giudetti, Zo, Tito Salas, Carlos Vasquez, Clairin, Louis Cabanes, Hoffbauer, Cauvy, Ralli, Paul Leroy.

Say what you like, Frenchmen *do* travel. They go to Belgium,

to Switzerland, to Italy, to Spain. But lacking the courage, the time or the money, they do not yet dare to risk the voyage to America. They only know Niagara Falls by what they have seen in geography books or on post-cards, but they deplore, like all men of taste in either hemisphere, the acts of vandalism there committed by manufacturers. It is a piece of good luck to see at the Salon a representation of what still remains of these fine falls, it is forcibly eloquent, full of color and precision. The canvas is signed Aston Knight.

With a somewhat complicated title : *Melodious Conversation between innocent souls,* M. Will-Lee Hankey shows a gentle and striking work. Against the background of a poor village, amongst the clinker of the neighboring works, two little girls are seated, their figures shown in silhouette. One of them holds in her arms a tiny sister, a baby. They look at one another, they think. The color is grey and thin, the scene is bare, and yet the work holds one by something inexpressible which is, however, expressed in touching fashion. I think, before this picture, of that fine and painful book of Dickens : *Hard Times.*

In another work extremely sober, but sure in drawing and poignant in character, poignant enough, indeed, to draw tears to one's eyes, we see some poor people, pale with hunger, wounded and huddled on straw beside a wall. There are men, women and children. A mother offers her withered breast to her new-born baby. All are at the last extremity, their strength is done. They are *Victims of the progrom.* M. Minkowski has the simple and persuasive eloquence of an eye-witness.

But now a good fairy transports us to the gentle country of Zeland. Ah! what a graceful vision, this little girl dressed in blue, mauve and pink, sitting amid clusters of whitish primroses in a forest-nook. The author is M. Hitchcock. We must not quit Zeland without noting another delicate work, due to Madame Cecil Jay : *A Family in the Netherlands,* which gives us a group

E. PASCAL

Priests officiating

SALON OF 1908.

J. PATRICOT.

At Dawn : Portrait of Mademoiselle J. P...

SALON OF 1908.

composed of mother, daughter and baby-in-arms on a bright country road. All three have the handsome costumes of the land, the lace-cap framing the head in its stiff circle, and the pins and golden plaques worn in the hair.

M. Benoît-Lévy, too, has been at work in Holland, at Volendam, and the same country has inspired the triptych of Mademoiselle Desportes : *When they are not at sea,* a picture which has been much talked about. The handling is undoubtedly skilful, but the scenes are not very original, for they reduce to this : when they are not at sea, the old sailors tell tales to children, count their beads, smoke their pipes and skin eels. Retired functionaries of humble rank do practically the same in the county towns to which they retire.

M. Saint-Germier continues to recount the life of Venice in days gone by. MM. Duprat, Franc-Lamy, Duvent, and Rosier try to express the charm of the same town. But above them I count the two fine pictures by M. Allègre : *Rio San Michele, Rio San Lorenzo,* and especially a certain turning of the Rio de Palazzo, where it encounters the Grand Canal, with the outline of the Bridge of Sighs, and in the distance the mass of San Giorgio Maggiore. That is the most truthful and frankest interpretation of Venice which I have met for a long time. It is the work of Mademoiselle Jennie Patterson. M. Ossip-M. Linde shows us another Venice, very beautiful, very attractive, but seen through Turner's spectacles. In a striking water-color, M. Pierre Giudetti invokes with infinite feeling the beauty of the Acropolis.

If you wish to see renderings of wild Spain, with all that it contains of fiercely characteristic, do not go to the Exhibition of French Artists. The painters who try to translate its nature, aspect and types, betray its character. Look, for instance, at the *Arrival at the Plaza,* by M. Zo; you imagine you are crossing la Place Blanche at Montmartre. M. Tito Salas' Andalusian dancers have a fragmentary look about them which makes them

lose all consistency. Hardly a picture, except *The Mother-in-Law,* interior by M. Carlos Vasquez, holds one's attention by originality of costume and character of physiognomy. This group of three persons has not been invented. It has been seen.

The expedition in Morocco makes scenes of Arab life quite up-to-date. M. Clairin, who visited Morocco at an epoch already distant and who saw then scenes which, perhaps, no European will ever see again, makes a romantic group of his Moroccan conspirators, assembled in a glorious forest : *Insurgents in the Forest of Teniet El Haal;* and, in another canvas, he puts us face to face with a charge of Arab horsemen rushing to death with cries of *Allah! Allah!*

Old friends of M. Clairin speak raptures of the sketches, water-colors and rough impressions brought home from Africa by the artist, nearly forty years ago. All agree in praising the character and precision of these notes. It is to be regretted that the Society of French Artists has not thought of asking M. Clairin to show them in a special room; it would have been a certain draw.

M. Louis Cabanes, who is much younger, has visited Algeria and has studied its landscapes and customs with passion. He has gone deep into the desert with the caravans and knows well the brightness of those azure nights. It is amid such night scenery that unrolls the incident which he entitles *After the Battle,* where the atrocity of the realism is attenuated by the poetry of a lovely night. I have already had occasion to speak of the rapid but exact impression sent by M. Hoffbauer : an *Arab Juggler* making serpents dance to the sound of his pipe. Were the colors less jumpy and the play of light and shade better coordinated, the *After the Feast of Rhamadan,* by M. Cauvy, would merit praise. The effect is doubtless true, but the artist is not a photographer; he must be prepared to put some order into his paintings and to consent to some sacrifices. M. Henri Rousseau is interesting

R. ROUSSEAU-DECELLE.

The Ring at Auteuil.

SALON OF 1908.

S. SEIGNAC.

The Wave

SALON OF 1908.

Copyright 1908, by Brown, Clement & Co.

with his *Black tents of the Hamyars,* in which we behold a picturesque corner of nomadic Algeria.

Nothing oriental in M. Paul Leroy's canvases except the title. They are skilful, adroit, well painted if you like, but without savor. Can anything be less tasty than his *Awakened sleeper;* the head is wrapped up like one who is nursing a swollen face. On the other hand, M. Ralli can be, when he chooses, an amusing raconteur, as his *Tragedy in the Harem* of this year proves.

MINIATURES.

Mmes Rossert, Cowderoy, L.-M. Stanton, Hannie Evans, Debillemont-Chardon, Gallet-Levadé, Herelle, Bastide, Gibson, Goodwin, Whiteside.

It is an ever-renewed grief for the writer on art to see each year how despised is at present the dainty art of the miniature. Yet it counts in the past many chefs-d'œuvre which, in the public sales, realize high prices, which their charm justifies. For the miniaturists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even those of the nineteenth have left portraits whose fine coloring and close drawing give great pleasure to delicate natures by their lively, speaking, indiscreet character. We might have hoped that, after the Exhibition of masterpieces in miniature of 1906, some modern artists whose talent, distinguished and minute, predispose them for this branch, would at least make an attempt. It would have been a pleasure, for instance, to see some tiny portrait executed by the hand of M. François Flameng or M. Gorguet. But no; when we speak of masterpieces we must still cite names exclusively of the past : J. B. Augustin, Hall, François Dumont, Augustin Dubourg, J. B. Isabey, Aubrey, Jean Guérin, Rosalba-Carriera, Madame Labille-Guiard and her pupil, Mademoiselle Capet, Madame de Mirbel. Not that the miniature is entirely

neglected. Numerous women-artists of the present day still practise it, but without great talent and, usually, without much spirit. The catalogue of the Society of French Artists includes several hundreds of exhibits reserved for the miniature and there are a few, too, at the Society of Fine Arts. But it is amongst those few that are to be found the most remarkable works. First, those of a French lady, Madame Rossert, and then the productions, happier, perhaps, in depth and color, of English and American artists, in the front rank of whom we must put Mesdames Kate Ethel Cowderoy, Lucy May Stanton, Hannie Evans.

At the French Artists, we must specially note exhibits signed Mesdames Debillemont-Chardon, Louise Gallet, Lévadé, Symone Hérelle, Alice Bastide, Dick Dumas, to whom are to be added the foreign painters, less minute in execution, but better in color: Mesdames M. J. Stréan, Gibson, Cissie Kuhn, Cecil Jay, as attractive in miniature as in larger works, E. Bailey, H. Goodwin, really remarkable, Sara M. Hess, Maclaren, Daisy Porter, R. C. Whiteside.

Who will restore the miniature in France to the distinguished rank it once held?

T. STYKA.

Orpheus.

SALON OF 1908.

A ZWILLER.

The Arts vanquished by Science.

SALON OF 1908.

SCULPTURE.

MM. Frémiet, Ségoffin, Landowski, Jean-Boucher, Bouchard, Czamowski, Chorel, E. Derré, Max Blondat, Greber, Hinterscher, Félix Charpentier, Sicard, Bacqué, Carlier, A. Rozé, Morlon, Weigèle, Gardet, Yencesse, Bottée, Georges Lemaire.

If, perchance, ere going to the Salon, you have lingered awhile at the Louvre in the hall of Greek sculpture, or if, simply, you have turned over some photographs of the fine work of antiquity, you feel, on entering the hall of the *Grand Palais,* a very peculiar sensation : it is admitted that the academic school carries on the tradition of pure beauty according to the ancient canons; it is understood, moreover, that the Exhibition of French Artists is the home of those who respect the great traditions.

It seems, then, to follow that the sculpture at this Salon ought to have a close connection with Attic art, for from that art it claims descent, that it professes to imitate, perhaps to improve on. Now the sculptures which writhe beneath the light of the great hall and seek to arrest the attention of passers-by contradict this opinion. Vain fatigue to seek amongst them something of those pure and solid forms, well-balanced and harmonious, which charm in every Grecian work of art, be it intact, be it mutilated.

Every year the weaknesses become more and more visible, eloquent. And so modernism gains ground; but it exhibits itself more in intention than in spirit or execution. The title changes : *Hercules* becomes *Ploughman* or *Porter, Laocoon* is now *Ugolin* or *Misery,* but most often the work remains academical, that is to say conventional and cold. There are exceptions, and consideration must be given to the efforts of artists like MM. Landowski, Ségoffin and Jean-Boucher.

The entrance to the hall is guarded, this year, by two colossal *Fames* in bronze. They are destined to complete the decoration of the Place du Carrousel and will be placed on either side of the little triumphal arch which rises at the entrance of the gardens. No one has felt any need for these additions. By its size and the delicacy of its decoration, Percier and Fontaine's triumphal arch is a jewel complete in itself. The two seated figures, perched on high pedestals, which are placed beside it, were already not indispensable, but they were of the same date as the monument and formed with it a characteristic whole. One imagines that it would have been reasonable and artistic to keep that whole intact.

Such is not M. Redon's idea. He has already put a stone balustrade round the neighbouring clumps of trees, and now the two *Fames* are to take their place, too, in the ensemble and oppose their metallic brilliancy to the grey stones, the old marbles and the dull bronze of the little arch which was already so harmonious by itself, and whose architecture stood out clearly against the trees of the Tuileries gardens on bright mornings or at the red hour of sunset.

There is but one excuse : these statues of *Fame* are conscientious and learned works. Undoubtedly, their author, M. Frémiet, an artist who leaves naught to chance, has carefully thought out each point : he has conceived them with an eye to their site and on a certain scale ; he has given a pronounced "Empire" character to the physiognomies, draperies and accessories. Perhaps these great figures, handsome in themselves, will not be, thanks to these precautions, too out of place, and the eyes of passers-by will soon get used to their presence. We must excuse the Government, since it has offered the commission to M. Frémiet.

M. Ségoffin, who is known for many a vigorous statue and handsome bust, has, in his *Time and Genius,* bronze group destined for the square of the Louvre, tried, too, to create a

D. J. BACQUÉ.

Pothon de Xaintrailles.

(Equestrian statue in plaster.)

SALON DE 1908.

M. BLONDAT

Laughter and tears

Small fountain plaster model

SALON OF 1908.

H. L. BOUCHARD.

The Master Craftsman : Pierre de Montereau

(Plaster.)

SALON OF 1908.

work in harmony with surrounding architecture — the elegant but over-ornamented architecture of Visconti and Lefuel. He has amply succeeded. The work is well arranged, light and full of movement; it well expresses the free flight of Genius with its immortal youth as opposed to aged Time, worn out by its monotonous course. We have but one fear; will not this monument, whilst guarding all its elegance, appear somewhat meagre and fragmentary in the open air? One has not the same apprehensions for M. Landowski's *Architecture;* this giant, seated amidst the blocks of granite which form part of the Cyclopean edifice which he is erecting, will keep his character of force and his heroic value wherever he is placed. For the figure is grandly conceived and none of the details destroy the character of its sober outline. We should wish to see *Architecture* placed on some lonely crest, some great tumulus beneath whose mass sleeps some lovely city now swept away. The monument in some Parisian *place* or square will be stifled.

M. Jean-Boucher knows his craft well, and, like MM. Ségoffin and Landowski, he understands the exigencies of to-day. His *Victor Hugo* is natural and full of expression. The artist presents the poet with a soft-felt tourist's hat on his head and clad in a full cloak with hood, masking thus the scantiness and the meanness of the costume of our times. The poet is placed at the farthest edge of a rock; the figure is thus raised in height and looks down on the touching spectacle of the waves of the sea or of humanity surging beneath. M. Jean-Boucher has reconciled modern ideas with certain scholastic requirements. His skill has its reward, for this Victor Hugo and the successful monument to Trarieux which accompanies it have won him the votes of his comrades for the prize medal.

M. Bouchard desires to be modern; until now he is so simply by the subjects he chooses. His *Ploughman at rest* is conscientious and that is all. But to this exhibit he adds a more interesting

figure : *The Master Craftsman.* This master is Pierre de Montereau, architect of the Sainte-Chapelle at Paris and of the ancient Lady-Chapel in the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, that wonder of wonders, whose disappearance is for ever to be regretted. He was buried there with his wife and on the memorial stone he was represented holding a ruler and compas. M. Bouchard's statue is simple and expressive. No pretentious addition destroys its character; M. Bouchard places near Pierre de Montereau nothing but a ruler. To be frank, we recognize this outline. It is borrowed or, if you prefer, inspired by the *Blind,* of Breughel le Vieux. But M. Bouchard has not diminished the greatness of his model. This statue may be placed on the square before some church, in front of Gothic sculpture of the best kind. The effigy of Pierre de Montereau will remain expressive by its limpid simplicity.

M. Czamowski in a conscientious study of a nude woman, and M. Chorel in his *Spring Song* have succeeded in rendering the supple grace of the body.

The artists whom we have noticed so far form the modern section in sculpture at the Exhibition of French Artists ; there are also a few others whom we will speak of in the order in which we meet them.

Here is one who goes further, who unites life and emotion ; it is M. Derré, who has realized in stone a touching *Poor Man's Treasury* and a marble bust, *Little Satyr of Montmartre,* in which we find his usual good points. Then we have M. Max Blondat with a fountain entitled *Laughter and Tears.* The work is quite charming with its fresh fancy. The laughter comes from a gentle faun from whose half-opened mouth falls a jet of clear water; the tears are the lot of the little child in a temper, placed for punishment on a column where, comically angry, he twines a rose amidst his hair. Moreover, M. Blondat, who formerly recounted with so much freshness the little pleasures of child-life, has decided that this year the little ones shall weep : *A Great*

F. M. CHARPENTIER

The Task.

(Group in plaster.)

SALON OF 1908.

J. CHOREL.

Spring-Song.

(Plaster cast.)

SALON OF 1908.

H.-L. GREBER.

Narcissus.

Decorative fountain, plaster

SALON OF 1908.

Sorrow is a bronze bust which shows us a small being, his eyes full of tears. But how closely observed is the face, how true are the surfaces and how firm the construction! And since we are talking of children, let us notice three other statuettes of young creatures naked : *Child with a fur,* by M. Léon Paul; *Child and vine,* by M. Félix Dumas, and, lastly, the little Bacchus, from whom a kid is stealing a bunch of grapes, by M. Raoul Larche. These exhibits are intelligent studies of infant beauty. On a slender stela surrounded by a basin, M. Greber sits a youth who adorns his forehead with a crown of roses. In order to see the reflection of his image, this new Narcissus bends over his liquid mirror. The work is harmonious and the figure excellent. M. Hinterscher, a German, well acquainted with the bronzes of the Museum of Naples, and who, unlike his compatriots, knows how to give grace and elegance to a statue, sends a neo-Greek figure, a Daphnis giving a kid drink from a well-turned cup, destined to adorn some fountain.

The Vision of Humanity, by M. Cordonnier; *Mid-day,* by M. Gasq; *The Young Athlete,* by M. Larrivé; *The Summer of Life,* by M. Champeil; *Apologue,* by M. Louis Noël; *Love triumphant,* by M. Boisseau, — all are closely allied to academical tradition. When that sorceress has taken an artist in her toils she holds him tight. Judge for yourself; would not M. Félix Charpentier's *Work* gain in strength if the hero, a sculptor overcome by fatigue and illness at the moment when the figure he has dreamt is about to start, living, from out the marble, had not the conditional style of a Benvenuto Cellini and if the surrounding figures had expressions other than those authorized by the Schools?

Amidst so many monuments consecrated to the memory of mediocre people by talents even more mediocre, we must notice the monument set up to senator Barbey by the town of Mazamet. Here, it is not the politician, but the generous-hearted man who

left his property to the families of working men at Mazamet, whom the sculptor, Sicard, tries to honor. We must give special praise to the character of the figures which stand out in high relief on the pedestal and give life to the monument without changing the architectural outline.

M. Bacqui gives us an equestrian statue of Pothon de Xaintrailles, the companion of Joan of Arc. The personage, clad in mail, bears himself well; but where is Guatelamatta?

On the fragment of a Gothic arcade, M. Desvergnes places the bust of Jehan de Meung, the poet who continued *Le Roman de la Rose,* and who played such a naughty trick after his death on the Jacobins of the rue Saint-Jacques, at Paris. The Vilmorins, whose name is cherished by amateur-gardeners and agronomists, have their statue, too (Carlier sculptor); for, declares the International Committee for the purpose, "without the Vilmorins there would perhaps be less corn in our fields, and, undoubtedly, less sugar in our beetroots and certainly less flowers in our gardens." The Vilmorins have waited their turn since 1748. Alphonse Allais will have his statue also in one of the squares of his native place; but it is mediocre, decidedly mediocre.

Let us mention one more monument amongst so many others, that of Jules Verne. Its author, M. Albert Rozé, accompanies it by a touching group, inspired by the legend of the Prodigal Son: *Pardon.* The same inspiration in *Pardon, mother!* by M. Lorieux, who shows another side of his talent in *Saint Catherine's Day:* five little milliners out for an holiday.

Let not the glorification of love for the Fatherland be forgotten. M. Desca raises a monument to the honor of the light troops of Périgueux, and M. Gauquié to those of Semur. *Evening after the Battle* allows M. Laporte-Blairsy to renew the effect which he found so taking in *Widows.* This cuirassier standing there, dreaming amidst trophies and dead bodies has truly a fine presence.

Some other works interest and attract: *Motherly Love,* by

J. HINTERSCHER.

Fountain.

(Bronze group

SALON OF 1908

JEAN-BOUCHER

Victor Hugo.

(Plaster cast.)

SALON OF 1908.

VICTOR
HUGO

M. Peyronnet; *Spring,* by M. Desruelles; *Wine,* high relief, in which M. Morlon shows us sturdy vine-dressers turning the press. M. Peynot happily expresses the frightened grace of a pretty *Bather,* interrupted by indiscrete visitors. *Floréal,* by M. Gauquié, is also a very agreeable figure. *Sans-Souci* bears the signature of M. Auguste Suchetet. M. Carlès has cut in marble the bust of M. Fallières, and M. Denys Puech shows us Albert the First, Prince of Monaco, standing at the helm in yachting dress. Some good busts : by M. Jean Hugues, *Eugène Rostand;* by M. Ségoffin, *M. Delcassé;* by M. Gasq, *M. Piot;* by M. Maurice Faure, *Camille Pelletan;* others, which are interesting, by MM. Saulo, A. Boucher, Desca, Theunissen, Gustave Michel, Dubois, M. J. Cladel, Exbrayat, O'Connor, Récipon, the latter presenting the happy face of *M. de Saint-Arroman.* M. Weigèle revives with infinite skill, in the bust of a woman, the style Louis XVI. M. Antonin Mercié gives a plaster group, *The Bourrée* and a *Gallia.*

A fine mask of *Calabraise* is signed O'Connor. A bronze head, *Dream,* by M. Vilé-Vallgren, accompanies a statuette in terra-cotta, *Dawn.*

France, proud of her Barye, has still an excellent school of animal-sculptors. Despite the efforts of the tag, rag and bobtail and of certain meddlers, this art remains a worthy one. Those who practise it have knowledge, conscience and taste. Witness the two groups, *Stags and Hinds,* sent by M. Gardet. His example is followed by some young artists of merit, in the front rank of whom must be placed MM. Navellier and Pierre Christophe. A fine group of *Cock and Hen,* by M. Jean Tarrit. *Sheep Dogs,* by M. Virion, like those by M. Perrault Harry, have merit. M. Valton carries on the decorative tradition of Auguste Cain, with his *Shaggy Mouflons* and his *Gazelle.*

The splendid outburst of French medallion engraving which

took place between 1889 and 1900 grows calmer. The field is limited and many things once said can only be repeated. Still there is a new school, which, formed by M. Ponscarme, works and seeks new openings. It has already a master in M. Yencesse, whose talent, full of good sense and artistic feeling, is shown once more this year in the plaquette of the *French Committee for Foreign Exhibitions,* and in the portraits of Madame d'Estournelles de Constant and her son Paul; and, lastly, in *The Knife Grinder.* In both kinds, M. Yencesse holds and impresses one. We like his bold, warm style, in which useless subtilities are proscribed, so that the essential may alone remain.

The fruitful teaching of Ponscarme is again justified by the interest shown in the exhibits of MM. Lafleur, Lemasson, Huguenin, Exbrayat.

Let not these young artists cause us to forget their elders. One of them, M. Bottée, gives renewed proof of his taste in a series of medals and in the decoration of a sword hilt, offered to M. Gabriel Ferrier, on his nomination to the Institute.

MM. Hingre, Peter, Niclausse send interesting exhibits; so do Mademoiselle Geneviève Granger, an intelligent portraitist, and Madame Mérignac, happily inspired in a plaquette, *The Vendean.*

Engraving on precious stones, art neglected these last thirty years, is taking a new lease of life. The talent of M. Georges Lemaire, to whom his colleagues have awarded this year the prize-medal, has had a great influence here. He exhibits two statuettes in precious stones : *Harmony* and *Dante* — jasper, silex, jade, cloudy agate and gold — of superior interest. With him we find MM. Gaulard and G. Lambert, always conscientious.

P. M. LANDOWSKI.

Architecture

In stone.

SALON OF 1908.

V. SEGOFFIN

Time and Genius.

(Bronze group)

SALON OF 1908

LIST OF AWARDS.

PAINTING.

Medal of Honor.

M. Marcel Baschet.

Second Medals.

Mlle Desportes; MM. Mac-Cameron, Mondineu, Guédy, Martin-Gautheron, Troncet, Félix, Mlle Rondenay, MM. Guétin, Bussière, Gustave Pierre, Alizard, Renaudin, Hughes-Stanton.

Third Medals.

MM. Martens, Balande, Craig, Corabeuf, Mlle Maillart, MM. Swinson, Plantey, Adams, Léty, Thiéry, Baude, Mlle Odin, MM. Silvestre, Charpentier, Pénot, G. de Cool, Williams, Toussaint, Tapissier, Mme Consuelo Fould, MM. Rivière, Roque, Terraire, Seiler, Mme Guillaumot-Adam, M. Serrier.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. H. H. Brown, Labitte, Mlle Minier, MM. Carter, Bergès, Minkowsky, Filliard, Mlles Morgan, Hurel, MM. Hartshome, F. A. Mercié, Cartier-Bresson, Mlle Clarke, MM. Desbois, Redfield, Ch. Michel, Perboyre, Mlle Jouclard, MM. Berthélemy, Tranchant, Degallaix, Glaize, Mlles Martinet, Humbert-Vignot, Cabane, Mme Atteslander, MM. Levé, Grangérard, Chéron, J. G. Domergue, Parturier, Larée, Mlle Brichard, M. de Paredes, Mme Tadama-Groeneveld, MM. A. Jacob, Hay, Mlle Gueydan, MM. Duchemin, Colmaire, Mlle Doré, M. Bédorez, Mlles F. de Lisle, Kretzinger.

SCULPTURE.

Medal of Honor.

M. Jean-Boucher.

First Medals.

MM. Auban, Curillon, Bouchard, Pech.

Second Medals.

MM. Camus, Roze, Quillivic, Peyronnet, Mengin, Rivet, Schweitzer, Grandmaison, Vérez.

Third Medals.

MM. Malacan, Carillon, Rémondot, Fry, Mlle Blanche Laurent, MM. Ward, Besqueut, Béclu, Crénier, Hierholtz, Vacossin.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. Bezner, Bouny, Caumont, Diosi, Cartier, Hulin, Dimitriadis, Saget, Moreau-Sauve, Graf, Finot, Dufrène, Dumas, Czamowsky, L. d'Ambrosio, Manaut, Largesse, Boissonade, Concha, Boyer, Mlle Isella, MM. Cladel, Schonhardt, Salles.

ARCHITECTURE.

Second Medals.

MM. Dehault, Harlay, Janin, Chauvet.

Third Medals.

MM. Laprade, Imandt, Sallez, Saigne, Margotin, Dubos, Danis, H. M. Magne.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. Gaugé, Crawley, A. L. Gabriel, Coursimault, Mizard, René Gabriel, Guéry, Harott, Gsell-Maury, Louzier, Dupré, Ferlié, Simon, Nicq-Doutreligne, Migeon, Lesage, Merves, Bosselut, Roth.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.

Medal of Honor.

M. L. H. Ruffe.

First Medals.

MM. Pénat, Hodebert.

Second Medals.

MM. Quidor, Jamas, Pennequin, Belleroche, Mme Destailleur-Sevrin, MM. Mathieu, Massot.

Third Medals.

MM. Pinet, Huault-Dupuy, Marcadier, Oberlin, Gaspérini, Léon Jouenne fils.

"Mentions Honorables."

Mme Feuilloux, MM. Bourroux, Kœrttgé, Mlle Simonnet, MM. Célos, Chandler, Armington, Bouchery, Nourrigat, Paulin, Dupêchez, Dufresne, Walstrom, Clément, Tayas, Tilly, Lesecq, Charles Jouenne, Detouche, Prost, Jubeau, Canioni, Sagé, Bréval, Desgranges, Mme Pott.

BELIN-DOLET PRIZE.

M. E. H. Léon for his original etching : *The Resurrection of Lazarus.*

DECORATIVE ART.

First Medals.

MM. Saint-André, Edgar-William Brandt.

Third Medals.

MM. Lambert, Thiénot, Albert Cheuret, Bastard, Kann, Szabo.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. Barboteau, Offner, Ralli, Maignan, Mlle Gabriel-Claude, M. Bucher, Mme Darchez, Mlle Becqué, MM. E. de Keirel, Gueyton, Bonnaud, Nics, Mlle Burlet, M. Pointu.

ENGRAVED MEDALLIONS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

Medal of Honor.

M. G. H. Lemaire.

First Medal.

M. Lambert.

Second Medals.

MM. Grégoire, Fourcade.

Third Medal.

M. Niclausse.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. Bénard, Fronfreide, J. da Silva, Blin.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF THE SALON.

M. A. C. G. Cornu, *sculptor* (National Society of Fine Arts).

ROSA BONHEUR PRIZE.

M. Auguste Prévot-Valéri.

MORLOT PRIZE.

M. François de Montholon.

PRIX LEFEBVRE-GLAIZE

M. Antonin Silvestre.

TRAVELING SCHOLARSHIPS.

All the competitors who have obtained traveling scholarships belong to the Society of French Artists.

PAINTING. — Mlle Henriette Desportes, MM. Antony Troncet, André Marchand.
SCULPTURE. — MM. Jean-Marie Camus, René Quillivic, Henri-Charles Pourquet.
ARCHITECTURE. — MM. Fernand Janin et Carl Imandt.
ENGRAVING. — Mme Jeanne Destailleur-Sevrin.
DECORATIVE ART. — M. Décorchemont.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

		Page
THE SALONS OF 1908 :	FORE-WORD	1
—	NATIONAL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS. — PAINTING	9
—	— SCULPTURE	33
—	SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS. — PAINTING	41
—	— SCULPTURE	73
LIST OF AWARDS. — SALON OF 1908		81

TABLE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAINTING.

	Page
Abbéma (Mlle L.)	42
Aman-Jean (E.)	FRONTISPIECE
Ardron (Mlle A.)	2
Aublet (A.)	2*
Auburtin (J. F.)	2**
Avigdor (R.)	42*
Avy (J.-H.)	42**
Bail (J.)	44
Baschet (M.)	44*
Béraud (J.)	4
Billotte (R.)	4*
Blanche (J. E.)	4**
Boldini (A.)	6
Bonnat (L.)	44**
Bordes (E.)	46
Boulard (E.)	6*
Boutet de Monvel (B.)	6**
Bouvet (H.)	8
Breslau (Mlle L. C.)	8*
Carolus-Duran (E. A.)	8**
Chabas (P.)	46*
Chialiva (L.)	10
Clairin (G.)	46**
Claus (E.)	10*
Cottet (C.)	10**
Dauphin (E.)	12
Dawant (A. P.)	48
Dedina (J.)	12*
Denis (M.)	12**
Didier-Pouget (W.)	48*
Dinet (A. E.)	14
Druon (Mlle G.)	14*
Dufau (Mlle C. H.)	48**
Duhem (H.)	14**
Durst (A.-L.)	16
Épinay (Mlle M. d')	16*
Faivre (M.)	50
Fourié (A.)	16**

Page

Geoffroy (J.) 50*
Gervex (H.). 18
Glehn (W. G. de). 18*
Gorter (A. M.). 50**
Grün (J.). 52
Gueydan (Mlle M.) 52*
Guillaume-Roger (G.) 20
Harpignies (H.). 52**
Hoynck van Papendrecht. 54
Hughes-Stanton (H.). 54*
Jacquier (H.). 54**
Jay (Mme C.) 56
Knight (A.). 56*
Knight (Ridgway). 56**
Koos (V.) 20*
La Gandara (A. de). 22
Lalauze (A.) 58
La Touche (G.). 22*
Laurens (J.-P.). 58*
Leloir (M.). 60
Lerolle (H.) 24
Lynch (A.). 60*
Mac-Ewen (W.) 62
Maignan (A.). 62*
Marcel-Clément 24*
Martens (E.) 64
Martin (H.) 64*
Matignon (A.) 66
Mesdag (H. W.) 26
Miller (R.). 66*
Montenard (F.). 26*
Pascau (E.) 68
Patricot (J.) 68*
Raffaëlli (J. F.). 28
Rousseau-Decelle (R.) 70
Seignac (G.) 70*
Simon (L.). 28*
Stengelin (A.) 30
Styka (T.) 72
Willaert (F.). 30*
Willette (L. A.). 32
Zuloaga (J.) 32*
Zwiller (A.) 72*

SCULPTURE.

Bacqué (D. J.). 74
Bartholomé (A.) 34**
Blondat (M.) 74*
Bouchard (H. L.). 74**
Charpentier (F. M.) 76
Chorel (J.). 76*
Cornu (A. C. G.). 38*
Dejean (L.). 38
Greber (H. L.). 76**
Hinterscher (J.). 78
Jean-Boucher 78*
Lamourdedieu (R.). 36*
Landowski (P. M.). 80
Monard (L. de). 40
Paulin (P.) 40*
Roche (P.) 36**
Rodin (A.) 34, 34*
Schnegg (L.) 36
Ségoffin (V.). 80*